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Vol. CLXXIV No. 2274 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUG. 21 1943

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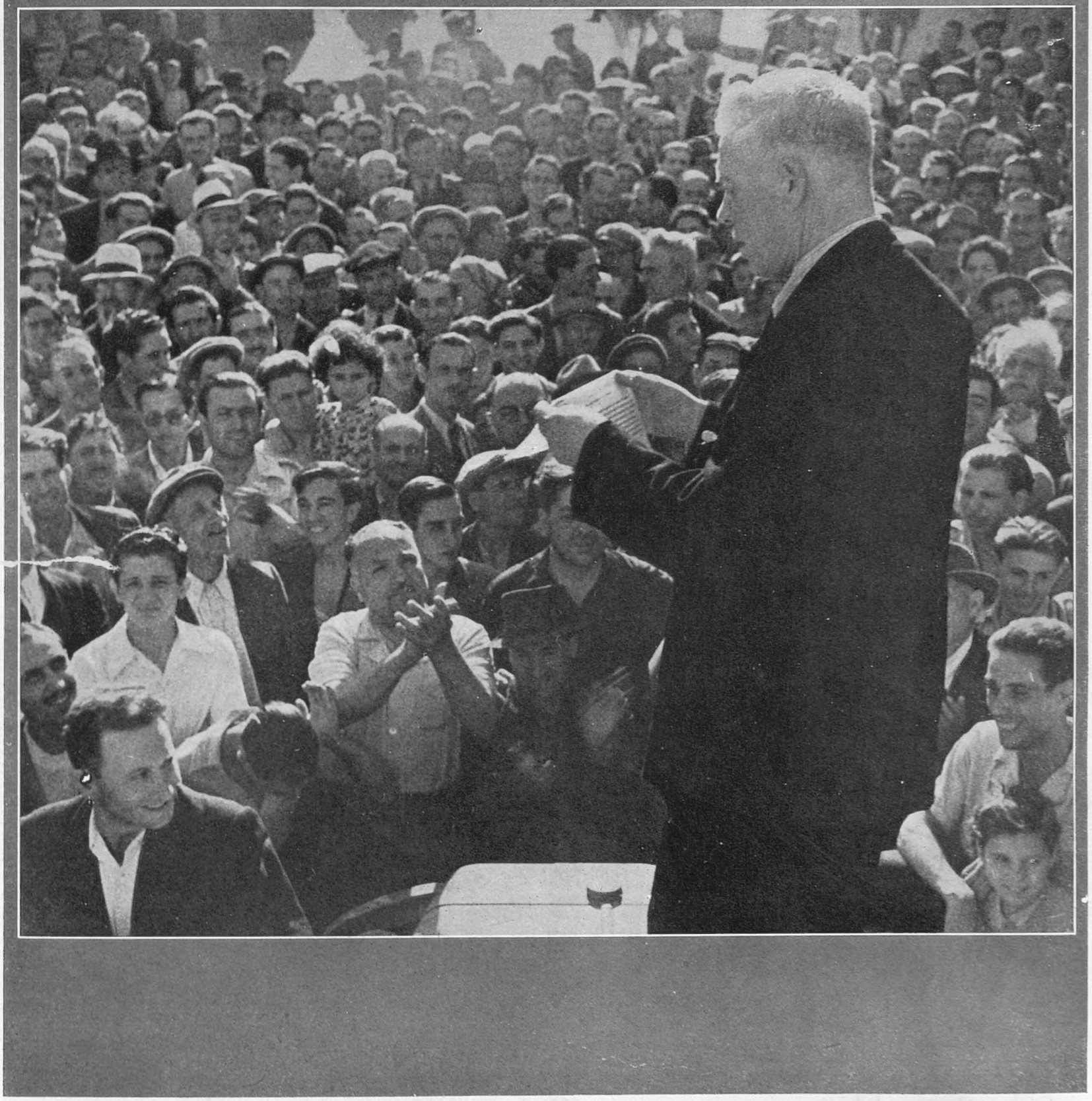
Volume CLXXIV No. 2274 The SPHERE, London, August 21, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE FIRST FREE SPEECH ON ITALIAN SOIL FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS: A SICILIAN LAWYER IN THE SMALL TOWN OF MILITELLO addresses the populace and tells them of the downfall of Mussolini and of the end of Fascism throughout the whole country

On Monday, July 26, at 9.30 in the morning, the first free speech on Italian soil for twenty-one years was uttered. The speaker was Salvatore Campanelli, a lawyer of Militello, a small town in Central Sicily, who announced to his fellow-inhabitants the end of Fascism and of Mussolini's evil reign. His words were greeted with delight. Campanelli's speech was made from the bonnet of a British Army vehicle in the town square and was heard by practically the entire male population. It was in 1922 that Mussolini assumed office : with the coming into power of his Blackshirt hordes all independence of speech, or action, was sternly suppressed. Now the Italians have once again found their voice : in Sicily—if not on the mainland—the rejection of the grandiose Fascist programme has been complete

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 207

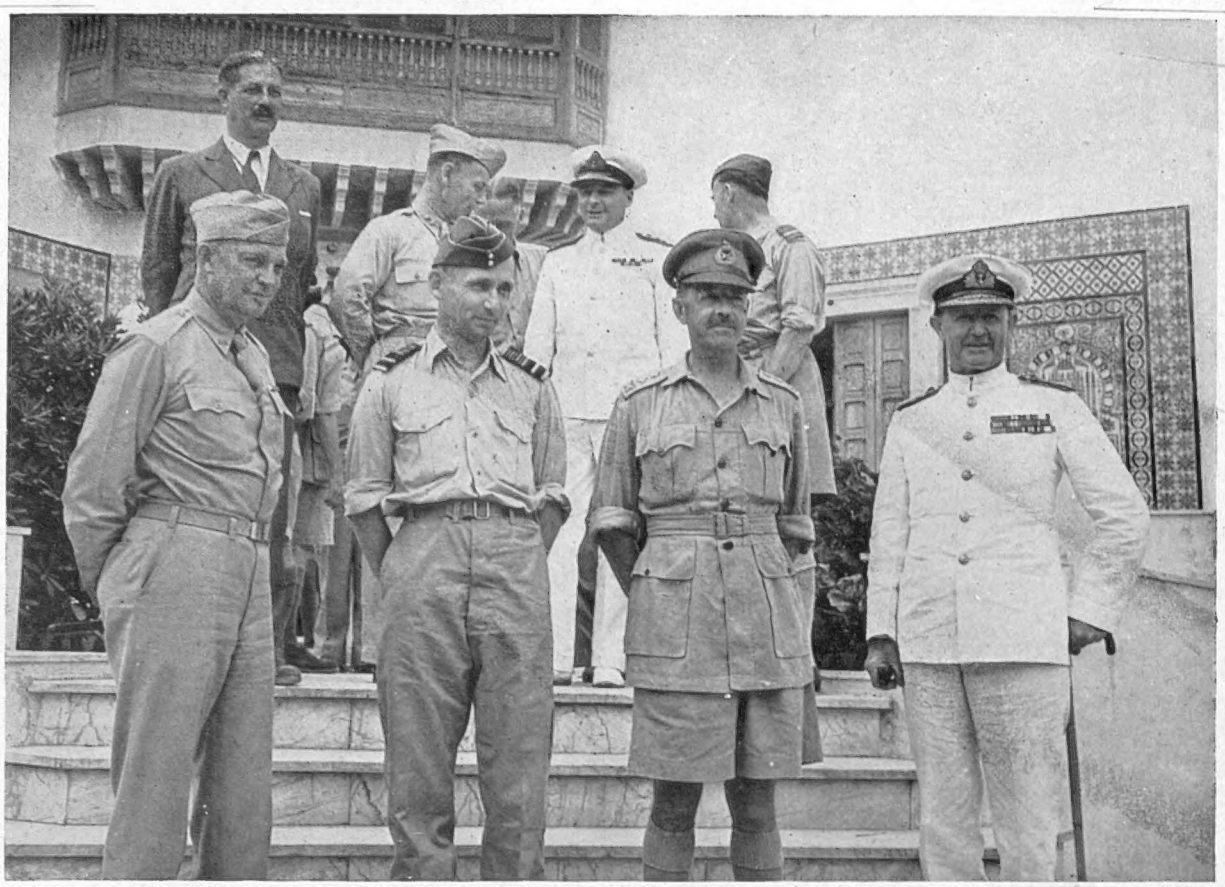
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Peripatetic Premier.—

When historians seek to find historical parallels for Mr. Churchill, Charles II will not be one of them. Charles II, when he came to power, had no desire to travel. His policy was based on an overpowering urge to remain static in England and by no means to be forced to "go on his travels" again. It is otherwise with the Premier. *His* policy is shaped by the theory that a Premier of an allied country in war must never be static, but must constantly undertake the longest and most risky journeys to make contacts and carry out personal discussions with all the key leaders of the Allied cause concerning the conditions and facts of the hour, and to see for himself the state of the war effort in every corner of the Allied territories. And we have come to expect that every visit paid by the Premier to some distant front or continent will be a prelude to a new exhibition of Allied fireworks and provide another twisting of the Axis tail. But it is anxious work for the public when the Premier is on his travels. When the functions of Mr. Eden and Mr. Attlee suddenly increase, the Germans are the first to "smell a rat"; and the British public catch the infection in due course from Nazi guesses as to where Churchill has gone. Those guesses are always wrong. But, to be fair to the Nazis and their intelligence organisation, they always know before we do that he is out of England. That speaks well for the British security department. To-day he is in Canada. On the precedents of other visits, he may be with Stalin to-morrow (justifying Goebbels's omniscience). For his magic carpet can "go places" as quickly as Ariel's wings could girdle the earth. What mischief is this our Peter Pan up to now? What strong potion is brewing for the Nazis? Perhaps Mr. Churchill is making sure that the supplies and brew of the Allied answer to the Nazis' last desperate resort to chemical warfare is "slab and good." We are at liberty to guess, as we peer into the witch's cauldron through the dark and heady fumes of war. We must wait and see.

Solid, Not Spectacular?—

At the end of July, we were suddenly in a posture to expect a miracle round the corner and a landslide (Axis) round every bend. Events since then have certainly moved, and moved rapidly, but the achievements of the Allies merit perhaps the epithet "solid" rather than "spectacular." In mid-August the Government of Badoglio still stood, Italy was still in the war, German armies were still in Italy, and indeed in Sicily; and all the easy and red-hot prophecies of Balkan revolts and of Nazi evacuations of Norway, Greece, Yugoslavia and so on were—just rumour still. Meanwhile, on the map of Russia and the map of Sicily the dotted lines and the hatched territorial gains crept slowly westwards and eastwards. To you and me, who have small-scale maps and perhaps small-scale minds, these spider marks seemed to move slow, how slowly. But it would be otherwise with a man whose eyes had seen the Nazi defences built in two years to defend Orel, Byelgorod, Briansk and Kharkov; or to one who knew the terrain on the Etna slopes. To him, the prophecy that in a few days after the fall of Orel the situation at Kharkov would become "another Orel" would have seemed the wildest flight of optimism. On both fronts, in Russia and in Sicily, the achievements have been solid enough to qualify for "the spectacular"—to those who know the conditions. And if Italy is not all in the bag and the Allies are not yet firmly established south of the Po line (and dropping eggs on Vienna and giving Ploesti its daily dozen), the ground has been very swiftly and very efficiently smoothed for these and other big events before the month is out.



A MEETING OF THE ALLIED CHIEFS IN TUNISIA ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI

On July 25 British and American Commanders met at a Headquarters in Tunisia to consider the future plans for Allied operations in the light of the collapse of Italian Fascism. All the Services were represented, and General Eisenhower presided at the meeting. This picture includes the Allied leaders who were present. In the front row are: General Dwight Eisenhower; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder (Commanding the Allied Air Forces in the Mediterranean); General Sir Harold Alexander (Deputy C.-in-C., Allied Forces); and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham (C.-in-C., Mediterranean); behind are: the Hon. Harold Macmillan (Resident Minister in North Africa); Brig.-General W. B. Smith; Commodore Dick (Chief of Staff) and Air Vice-Marshal H. E. P. Wigglesworth

Neutrality.—

Recent events favourable to the Allied cause—to put it mildly—might well have created already an improvement in the reputation and in the practice and in the definition of neutrality in war. Neutrality in this war, by and large, has not maintained a very dignified or honourable reputation. If I were asked for a definition of "Neutrality 1939-43," I should suggest: "Sitting on a fence with one foot firmly planted on the winning side of it." The early neutrals were liquidated and absorbed in Hitler's Hell almost before they had time to declare themselves neutral. One felt that the bitter lessons of these swift liquidations would have been seared on the hearts of the survivors and dictated a more dignified form of neutrality even in the heyday of Hitler's power and glory; even in 1941. ("Let us die, if die we must. But let us not be ridiculous.") But terror of Hitler lay like a shadow over Europe and the New World and the East, and the neutrality of the mesmerised rabbit continued to be the order of the day for all victims awaiting their call to the tumbrils. There were one or two exceptions. Turkey, Switzerland, Portugal, one or two South American States, gave a less ignoble name to neutrality in those days. Spain's neutrality during those years was open hostility to the Allies, Sweden's comprised preferential terms to the Axis officially, whatever might be the majority views of the people; and what was true of Sweden was true of the Argentine and one or two other South American States. As 1943 and the fourth year of war wear to an end, all the conditions which dictated the definition of neutrality have gone. The hopes of an Axis victory have totally vanished, the supreme importance for neutrals of winning a right to take an executive part in the settlement of the world must be apparent to every statesman of every neutral country, and to the thinking section of its people. The ultimate victory of the Allies has been a foregone certainty for several months, and the mystery and surprise remain and grow that neutrality is still in practice a whey-faced wobbling in so many quarters. The terror of Hitler, like the terror of Napoleon, lives as a bogy to scare babies long after his eye-teeth have been drawn and the worst of his poison extracted. It is difficult to forget a habit of mind of a sudden. No doubt the citizens of Rome will continue for months to give the Fascist salute from sheer absence of mind. It's a twenty-year-old habit; and terror of Hitler is at least ten years engrained. No other theory can account for a policy of neutrality which is a long-term suicide pact to avoid the long-odds chance of sudden death. There has indeed been something of a shake-out in the neutrality field. But the fence is by no means deserted, and there are still nimble accountants studying the balance sheets, with a foot still pressing the daisies on Hitler's side. And those wobbling feet would crush the daisies in quick time if the hard-pressed Führer should stage and produce even a limited come-back. I can understand the hesitation of the enslaved satellites of the Balkans. Slavery under the iron heel crushes initiative and kills the spirit of decision, even where nationalism is most rampant. But that neutrals who escaped the imminent dangers of 1940, '41, '42 and came alive and unfettered into 1943, should still back the grey gelding that never yet won a race, is, I confess, a great mystery and a great testimony to the overmastering terror which that evil man's name has inspired. The last to hug the fence must not expect a place at the conference on the field at Runnymede.

Stewing.—

Italy is no stranger to stewing in her own juice. Her long history is fuller of these domestic exercises than that of most countries. And when she has been stewing, the plain of Lombardy has usually done much of the bubbling, and the impulse of revolution has often gathered under the towers of Milan's wedding-cake cathedral. There is reason for this. The Italians of Lombardy are a virile race. They differ from the southern Italians, as Prussians differ from Levantines. There have been many different political components in Italy's stewpots. The ingredients to-day are no trade secrets. The issue is clear enough, and the logic cries to Heaven. The Italian workers of the north are more in tune with international Labour than many Continental groups of workers. They had no cause to love Fascism which stole their rights, and have no sympathy with dictatorships of any kind which regiment them and seek to control them for political purposes. They have no cause to love the Germans, of whom they know more and know worse than do the shepherds and farmers and fisherfolk of Southern Italy. And they have no cause to love war for war's sake. Until recently, they have taken the weight of such bomb-loads as we could spare to Italy. It is small wonder if the workers of Northern Italy are in revolt against their new constitution, while its slogan remains "The war goes on" and its tyranny is on the model of the late Fascist regime. When Mussolini entered the war, the going looked good and easy. But when England failed to fall, and America came in, and Russia refused to crack, and the bombs began to fall, and the Nazis lost their panache of invincibility, it became soon enough a sorry game, pulling Nazi chestnuts out of a hot fire. *Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.* International Labour works for its own betterment always, whether it plans broadly on lines of international co-operation, or narrowly and domestically. In Italy the weapons are all in the hands of the north, who can settle the question of peace or war. For they make or withhold the weapons by which war can be waged. And can there to-day in Northern Italy be one worker in a hundred who considers the conditions and present plight of Italy and then decides for continuing the war? That decision means nothing more or less than sweating to produce munitions, in constant terror of death, for a war which will devastate Italian cities and country-side, will obliterate the last hopes they hold of regaining all they have themselves lost and their country has lost, and which cannot even save, uncharred from the fire, a single chestnut for a hated patron. Nazism, Hitler, Germany, the House of Savoy—none of these causes can be worth to a munition worker in Lombardy a single hour in the shops. The inexorable logic of it (in my belief) is as clear to King Victor Emmanuel and to Badoglio as to the workers of Lombardy. Their differences are of method rather than policy; not of *what* to do but *how and when* to do it.

THE OLD STAGER

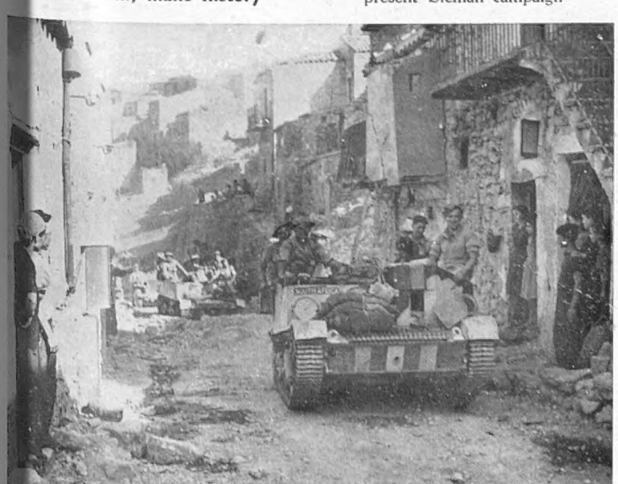
MEN OF THE 78TH DIVISION IN THE NARROW STREETS OF CENTURIPE ("CHERRY RIPE") engaged in "mopping-up" operations after the capture of this strong mountain position to the south-west of Etna. For four hours the men of the 78th actually fought in darkness in the narrow streets, until another force went round the back of the town and compelled the Germans to retreat after 24 hours of continuous climbing and fighting. The capture of Centuripe was announced by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on August 3

TYPICAL FASCIST BRAGGADOCIO IN CENTURIPE. This sign reads as follows: "Those who are indifferent never have, and never will, make History"

The CAPTURE of CENTURIPE

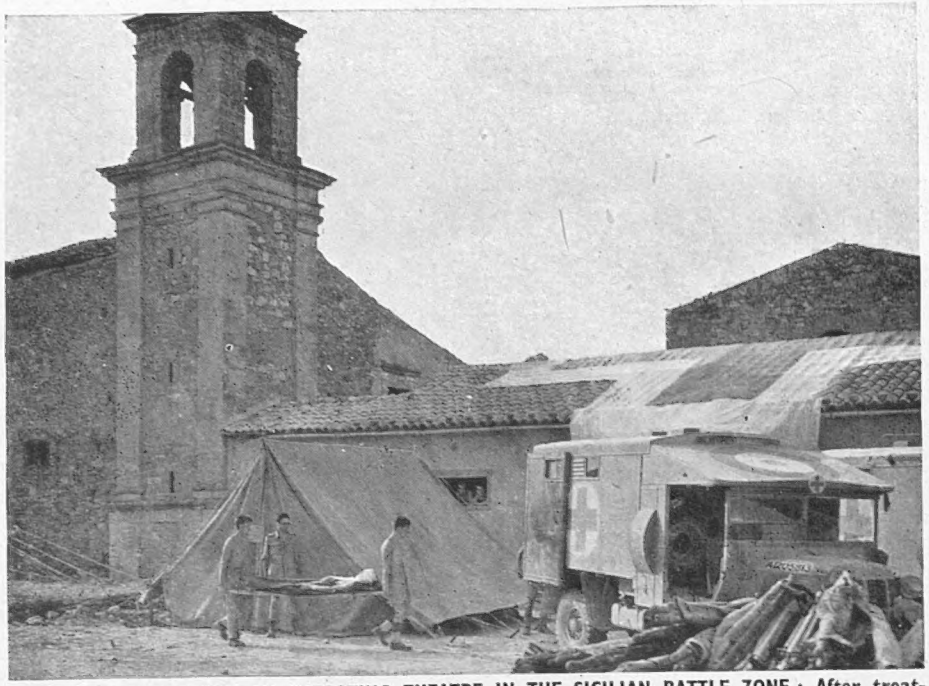
By the Men of the 78th Division

A picture of this grimmest of mountain strongholds is reproduced on page 234 of this issue. The hill town fell to assaults by the 78th Division after one of the most difficult operations of the present Sicilian campaign



BREN CARRIERS PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN. The houses are rock-perched, and the streets climb up the mountain at steep angles

BRINGING SUPPLIES INTO CENTURIPE AFTER ITS CAPTURE. This picture shows how the houses and buildings in the forbidding town are built on the sheer edge of the cliff sides

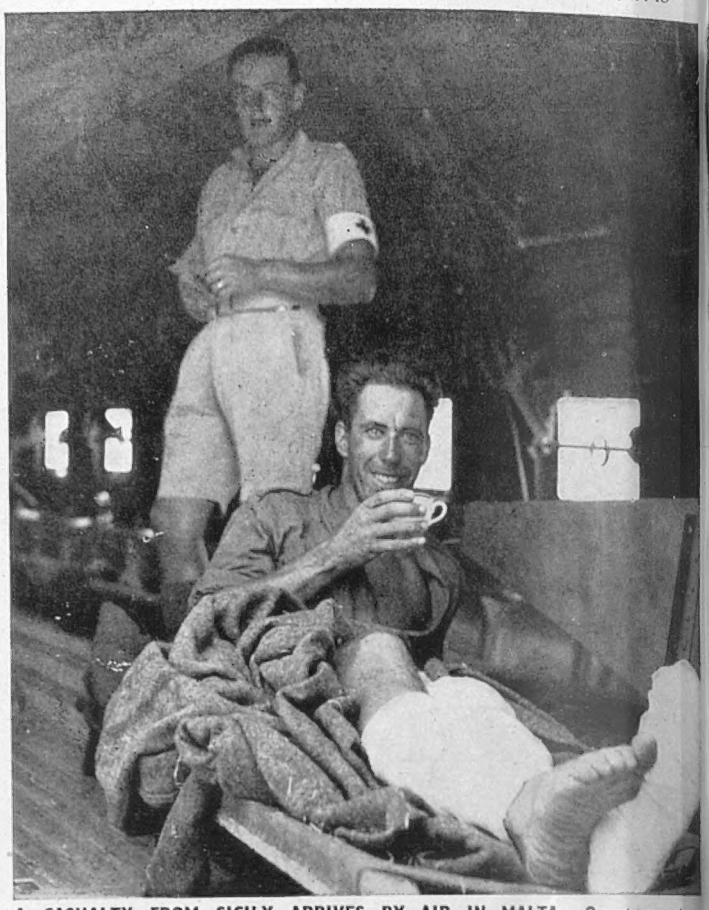


A MONASTERY BECOMES AN OPERATING THEATRE IN THE SICILIAN BATTLE ZONE: After treatment a wounded soldier is carried from the chapel to the ambulance for evacuation by air transport. A large Red Cross of bunting is draped over the roof of the chapel

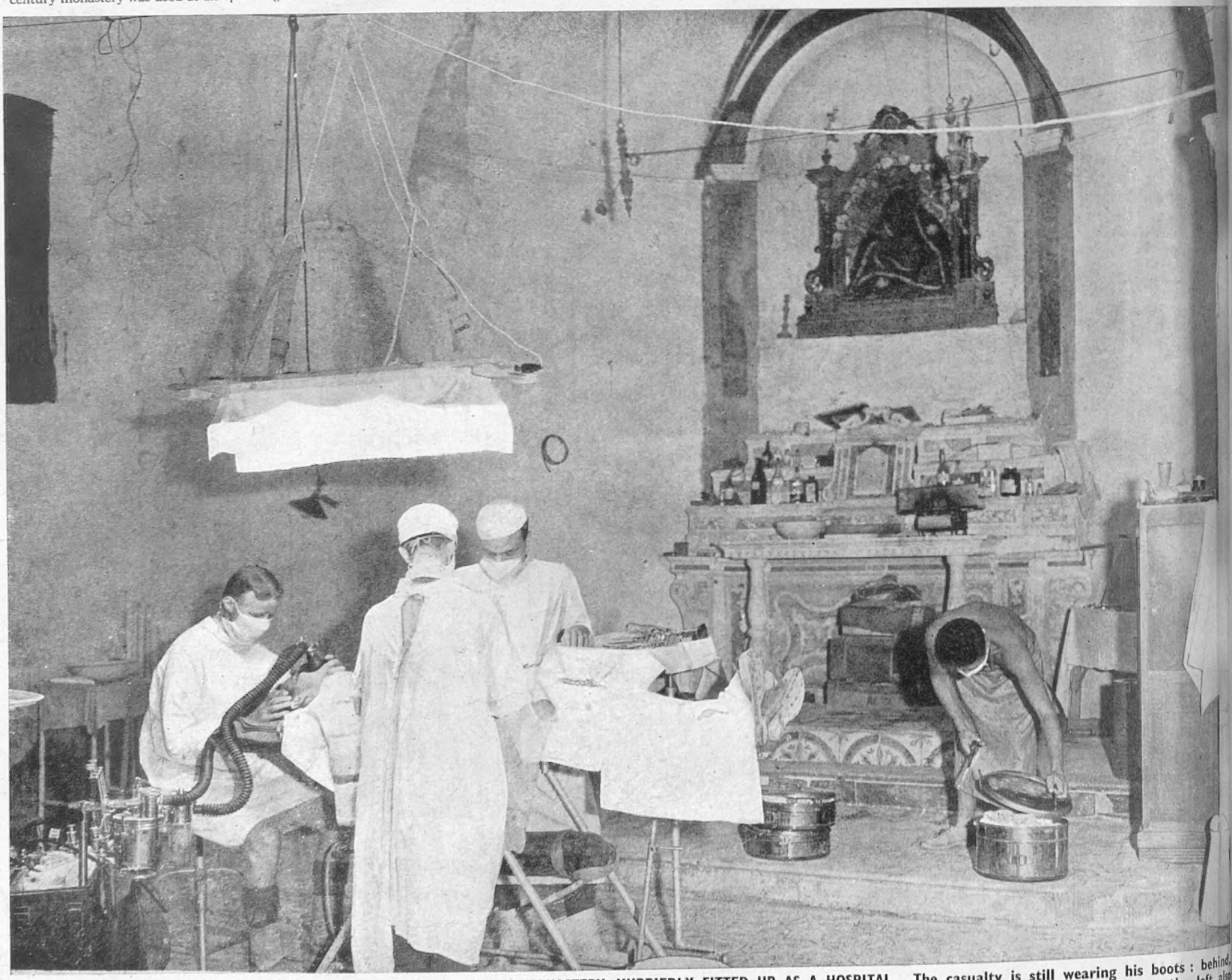
The CARE of the WOUNDED

How the British Casualties in Sicily are Taken Care of Behind the Line

During the battle for Catania, the chapel of a seventeenth-century monastery was used as an operating theatre. Casualties were brought there from the battle area less than a mile away; and the wounded were given the necessary medical treatment before being taken to nearby airfields and evacuated to base hospitals by transport aircraft. In the thirty-six hours following on the setting up of the casualty centre, seventeen abdominal operations were performed by the Army surgeons. The Monastery La Cabella is near the city of Catania and was built in 1624.

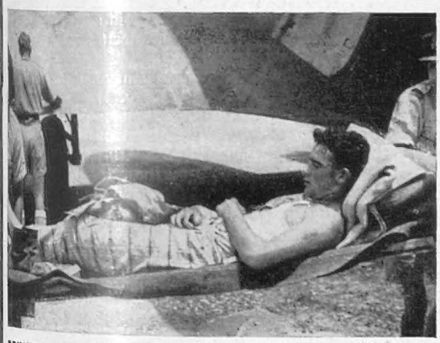


A CASUALTY FROM SICILY ARRIVES BY AIR IN MALTA. Quartermaster-Sergeant Robert Martin, of Harrow, who sent a message from the airfield to his wife that he will soon be fit again. He was wounded in both legs: at Malta he was met by an official Army photographer, who took this picture



SURGEONS PERFORMING AN EMERGENCY OPERATION IN A SICILIAN MONASTERY HURRIEDLY FITTED UP AS A HOSPITAL. The casualty is still wearing his boots: behind, on the altar of the chapel, are kept the medical supplies. The necessary lighting is supplied by a portable generator; and the anæsthetist on the left also operates a portable apparatus. The medical orderly is sterilising swabs and bandages on the altar steps. When this picture was taken, fighting was still in progress less than a mile away

A BAND OF BRITISH NURSES AT THE FRONT IN SICILY. During the heavy fighting on the island, this little group of British Red Cross girls ministered to the wounded at a hospital barely one hour's ride from the front line. They were welcomed by the Allied forces, who were loud in their praise of their gallant work right in the thick of the struggle. The Red Cross flag denoting their hospital floats behind them



PRIVATE CHARLES CONWAY, of Dundee, arrives by air from Sicily : A picture taken on a Malta airfield, to which many casualties were flown en route to base hospitals

ENEMY WOUNDED : Snipers of the Hermann Göring Regiment having their wounds dressed at a Regimental Ambulance Post before being sent back for questioning

FIRST AID ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. Wounded Canadians receive preliminary attention where they fell during the battle north of Valguarnera : the orderlies are men of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. Later the casualties were taken to the Advanced Dressing Station

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

Historic Parallels with the Fateful Month of August 1918 Recalled—the Month in which Germany's Fate was Sealed. By CHARLES GRAVES

ANYBODY who has access to the newspaper files of the last war can guarantee himself more interest, entertainment and food for thought than all the current novels and plays in London can possibly provide. Through the courtesy of the Editor of the *Daily Express*, I have been reading the files of that newspaper for the issues of August 21 to August 31, 1918, and have discovered that exactly a quarter of a century ago to-day the question of bombing Berlin first arose. From neutral sources it was learnt that the municipal authorities there were taking elaborate precautions against Allied air raids, and were removing the most valuable objects in museums and art galleries to safe hide-outs in the country. Shelters for the population were being prepared " and in some parts of the capital even dug-outs are being prepared."

As the public has been reminded several times in the past month, Ludendorff, in his war memoirs, revealed the fact that August 8 (the Battle of Amiens) put the decline of German fighting power beyond all doubt. . . . Leadership now assumed . . . the character of an irresponsible game of chance, " a thing I have always considered fatal. The fate of the German people was, to me, too high a stake. The war must be ended."

History shows that the Allied Governments had no idea of the mortal blow that had been dealt to the enemy. The war communiqués showed that the French, under General Mangin, had advanced 3 miles on a 9½-mile front west of Soissons, taking 2,800 prisoners; while the British, though capturing Merville, had been counter-attacked at Herleville. The British official communiqué talked proudly of taking 182 prisoners, and of making a successful raid on a German post. The Dutch were clearly better informed than we. They took great interest in the fact that the failure of Germany's " unconquerable " armies, " inimitable " artillery, " unique " aircraft, and " all-destructive " U-boats, had been proved to the hilt. The Germans were making a belated attempt to use the new weapon of propaganda, demanding the creation of a Ministry of Information to last after the war, on the lines of Lord Beaverbrook's in England.

The most significant news printed that day, though it was accorded very little space, was the report that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was suffering a nervous breakdown at Bad Nauheim.

The headlines of August 22 covered the advance of General Byng's Third Army, which went forward 3 miles on a 10-mile front. English and New Zealand troops were in the lead with a spearhead of tanks. Meantime, French troops captured the hamlet of L'Assigny. The German official war communiqués announced baldly that north of the Ancre strong British attacks broke down with heavy losses, while the renewed French attempt at a break-through between the Oise and the Aisne had failed.

The Germans, as usual, were putting a good face on their troubles, and when Spain threatened to utilise interned shipping to replace Spanish ships sunk by U-boats, a very hot, not to say belligerent, reply was delivered. Home news included stories of bogus officials and detectives taking money by false pretences from small shopkeepers. There was still absolutely no sign of any realisation that the back of German resistance had been broken.

On August 23, Albert was recaptured during a 2-mile advance on a 6-mile front, while General Mangin's advance on the Aisne proceeded nervously. The German communiqué went as follows: " On the field where fighting took place north-west of Bapaume and on the front between Albert and the Somme, we reduced to failure the attacks planned on a large scale by the British. Successful counter-attacks were then launched after the British attacks had broken down completely."

It is pretty clear that Mr. Lloyd George was not aware of what was going on; otherwise he would scarcely have been holidaying at Criccieth. What may well have been the most important news of the day was that bombs were dropped on Frankfort, Cologne, Mannheim, Treves and Coblenz, as subsequent reactions to this will show.

On August 24 the British advance was evidently very cautious. They did, however, capture the hamlet of Herleville. Ludendorff announced confidently that the British had suffered a severe defeat, that they had been repulsed everywhere, and had been successfully counter-attacked. " Paper victories " was his comment.

A Governmental hand-out was front-page news on the subject of " Why we have had no raids." The Government spokesman said that it must be puzzling and depressing to Germans that while their much-vaunted raids on London had ceased under pressure of events on the battlefront, the British aerial offensive was growing daily in deadliness and causing much misgiving. An equally topical item came from Germany, where German military critics announced that Hindenburg was the greatest soldier alive " because he gives the German front more elasticity every day." As for that traditional but nebulous character, the " traveller from Germany," he was quoted as saying: (a) that the aerial damage was simply terrific; (b) that the Germans would endure everything, including scarcity of food, clothes, shoes, and other essentials of life, provided their military success continued; and (c) that the Germans said that it was a mathematical certainty that the U-boat blockade would starve Britain out.

August 25 was a Sunday. Monday morning newspapers announced that the British were still in the neighbourhood of Bapaume, but in spite of German reinforcements we had retaken Mametz Wood and Martinpuich. The German official communiqué contented itself with announcing that huge British forces had failed miserably, and successful counter-attacks had been launched against the French. The " Fortress of Germany," however, was already being referred to by German commentators.

From Copenhagen it was reported that wealthy Germans were buying land in Denmark, and Senator Lodge publicly discussed in the U.S. what he called the irreducible minimum for peace terms. These were: (1) the restoration of Belgium; (2) the return of Alsace; (3) the deprivation from Germany of Lorraine's coal and iron; (4) the return of Trieste to Italy; (5) Independence for Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia; (6) Independence of Poland; (7) the return of the provinces taken from Russia by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk; (8) the relinquishment by Turkey of Constantinople and Palestine; (9) the turning of the Dardanelles into a free International highway. " The only way to preserve the freedom of civilisation," said the worthy Senator, " is to reduce Germany to a condition where it will be impossible for her again to precipitate a war of universal conquest. We must, therefore, have a dictated peace, not a negotiated one." Simultaneously with this report came the announcement that two squadrons of the R.A.F. had bombed Constantinople, and 43 whole tons of bombs had been dropped in barely 24 hours on the Western Front. The figures 43 were printed in bold, black type.

On August 27 the Canadians advanced a short distance to Wancourt; the French advance slowed down; and Clemenceau, forestalling Mr. Churchill's great phrase, said: " Let us greet the dazzling dawn, the first beams of which lighted up the victorious foreheads of the founders of the American Republic." The Independent Air Force reported further raids on Frankfort and Mannheim, and proudly recorded that " some machines attacked a hostile aerodrome and dropped 4 tons of bombs with good results." Once again the figure 4 was printed in black type!

The Germans, however, were beginning to yelp. Phrases like " Let 's be stout-hearted; don't let us be downhearted. Are we not men? " began to creep into the newspapers, and General Von Stein attacked " brainless people who told untrue stories about the front." This time Goebbels was forestalled, for the General continued: " Look at France. She suffers terribly from the war. Yet every Frenchman believes in final victory with a steadfastness which forces admiration." Goebbels has been saying exactly the same thing about the courage of Londoners in withstanding the air raids of 1940 and 1941, and how the Germans ought to be equally tough.

Other German leaders pointed out that Blücher owed his success to skilful retreat; some commentators were still promising the capture of Paris at the right time. British casualties in the past four days, it was officially stated, amounted to 23,000.

August 28 marked the first real break into (but not break through) the Hindenburg Line at Bapaume. The German communiqué showed its first sign of anxiety by using the phrase, " The details of the Bapaume battle are somewhat as follows " —the " somewhat " being the operative word, although the communiqué went on to say that the attacks had been everywhere repulsed, except at Monchy, where the German troops " retired under orders." The Independent Air Force announced with satisfaction that its aircraft had dropped a total of no less than 26 tons of bombs in 24 hours on enemy targets. The most interesting news from the German home front was that Carl Zimmerman, one of the Government spokesmen, had some difficulty at Breslau in explaining the numbers of American troops in France. The figures he gave were 440,000 in the forward zone, and 700,000 at base camps. These figures were embarrassing in view of the extravagant U-boat claims about sunken Allied tonnage, and he could only suggest that the Americans were brought over in small fast ships which presented a difficult target to the submarine commanders.

That concludes the current week twenty-five years ago to-day. But it is worth seeing what happened on the last three days of that historic month. On August 29, the First Army, under General Horne, joined in the attack on the Hindenburg Line; the French could only claim to the capture of 500 prisoners; while the German official communiqué announced in familiar language that all the English attacks had broken down. From other theatres of war it was reported that the Poles, Czechs and Slavs were said to be mobilising, and that a mixed force of Americans and Japanese had forced the Bolsheviks back six miles on the Ussuri front. August 30 marked the capture of Bapaume by the British and Noyon by the French. But it was clear that the Allied Command was by no means unified, and the German communiqué claimed that " so far, 50 tanks had been shot to pieces in the latest unsuccessful attack," while war correspondents spoke of the first appearance of booby traps.

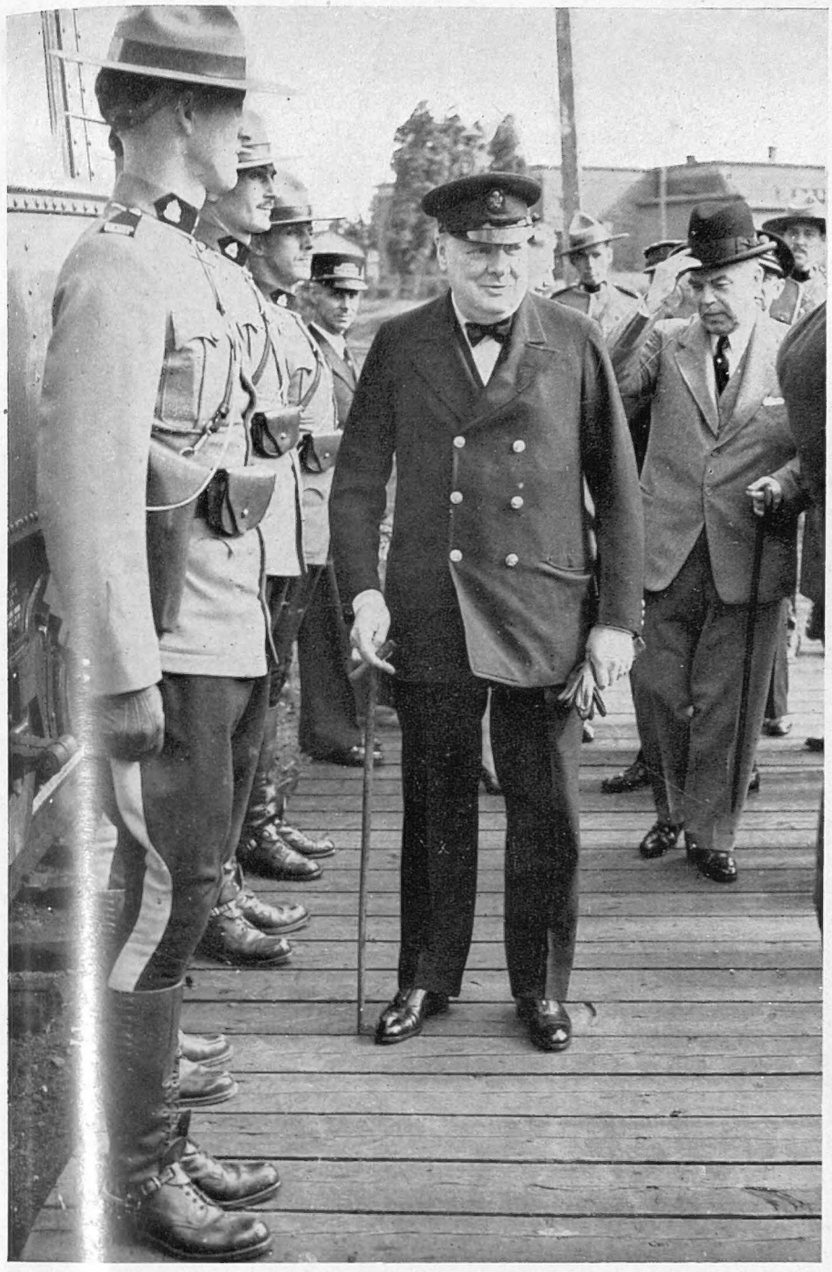
Home news was more startling than anything provided by the war. The Metropolitan Police went on strike for more pay. . . . The month ended with the British in Bailleul; with the City Police and the C.I.D. also on strike; with travellers from Cologne saying that no fewer than forty people had been killed in an air raid which resembled Dante's inferno. It will be noticed that in the whole week, no news had been reported from what was the final straw on the German camel's back—the Balkan front. There was, however, just a hint of the debacle to come so suddenly. Even this hint came from enemy sources, and was printed at the bottom of the page. It was the Bulgarian official war communiqué announcing that the " British had begun to attack on the Vardar front. . . ."

But even front line troops had not the slightest idea that the war was coming to pieces in their hands. In fact, even on November 11, 1918, nobody was more astonished than the striker.

THE TWO PREDECESSORS OF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI BEFORE THEIR FALL IN 1918. A picture taken during a visit to the German Headquarters in the year 1918 of the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria, Charles. The former, as all the world knows, was forced to flee Germany just before the Armistice of November 11, 1918: the latter was also fated to lose his throne. He had followed the aged Francis Joseph in 1916, but was forced to abdicate as Emperor of Austria on November 12, 1918, and as King of Hungary on November 16

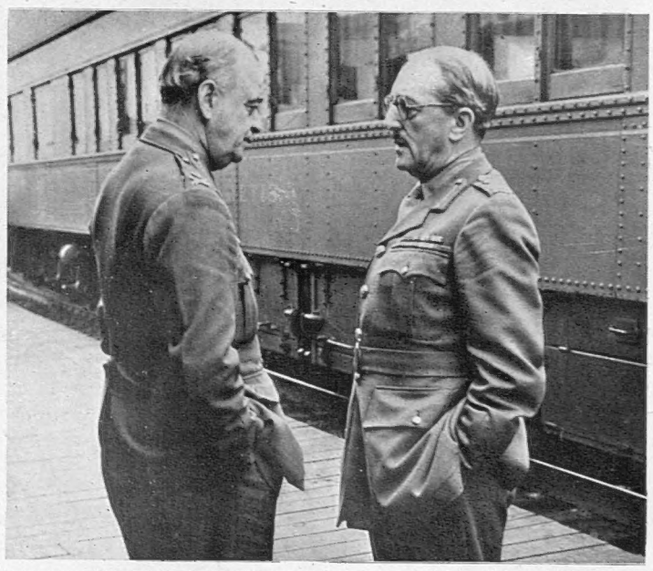
The PRIME MINISTER in CANADA

And the Raising of the "Normandie" in New York City



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH SOME OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE who were on duty at the station when he arrived. Mr. Mackenzie King, Canadian Premier, is seen in the background on the right : The Prime Minister's visit to Canada is for the purpose of holding Victory conferences with Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Mackenzie King and other American and Canadian war leaders. On his present mission, Mrs. Churchill accompanies her husband for the first time, and Miss Mary Churchill is also a member of the party. The Mission from England are staying at the 400-year-old Chateau Frontenac overlooking the St. Lawrence, and they are being guarded by the scarlet-coated Mounties: The Citadel in Quebec is being used for the actual conferences, and here Mr. Churchill met Allied leaders after his three-day visit to Mr. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, the President's residence 80 miles north of New York. In the public mind, this meeting is regarded as having been brought about owing to our great successes in Sicily in a very short space of time, and as one of the preludes to further Allied moves on the road to complete ascendancy over the Axis

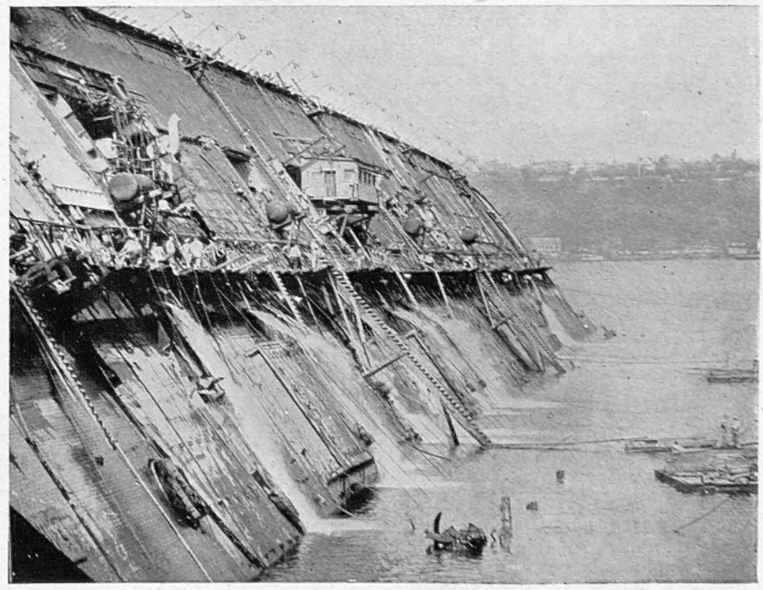
MR. CHURCHILL, WALKING FROM THE TRAIN WITH MR. MACKENZIE KING, waves to the small crowd which witnessed his arrival. Behind is Mrs. Churchill, who is accompanying her husband



GENERAL SIR ALAN BROOKE (Chief of the Imperial General Staff—on right) with Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Ismay (Secretary to the War Cabinet), on the platform of a small Canadian station during a halt made by Mr. Churchill's special train during the journey

THE FORMER "NORMANDIE" STARTS TO RIGHT HERSELF from the bed of the Hudson River as the result of eighteen months of salvage work

The two pictures reproduced here indicate the last stage but one of the biggest salvage operation ever undertaken. Eighteen months ago the *Normandie* (renamed the *Lafayette*) sank at her berth in the Hudson River and capsized. As a result of work carried out since, she has now been raised 6 ft. and is tilted at an angle of 45 degrees. When further pumping gives her sufficient buoyancy, she will be manœuvred into the middle of the slip. After 356



WATER POURS OUT OF THE HUGE VESSEL after she had risen 6 ft. in three hours : she is now at an angle of 45 degrees

portholes and 16 large cargo ports had been closed, 19 separate watertight compartments were made, and in these 93 pumps were installed. The cost of salvage will be not quite £1,000,000, and the cost of rebuilding has been estimated at another £5,000,000. It is hoped that, within a year, the *Normandie* will once again be ready for use as a transport by the United States for future operations

THE CREW OF A TYPICAL BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP, THE "FORT DEASE LAKE." HERE IS HER ENTIRE COMPLEMENT, FROM CAPTAIN DOWN TO THE DOCKERS WHO TURN THE SHIP ROUND. The "Fort Dease Lake" is a Canadian-built vessel of 10,330 tons: she was lying in a British port when this picture was taken. The key below identifies the crew and the jobs they perform

The BATTLE of the SEVEN SEAS

How the Merchant Navy is Winning It

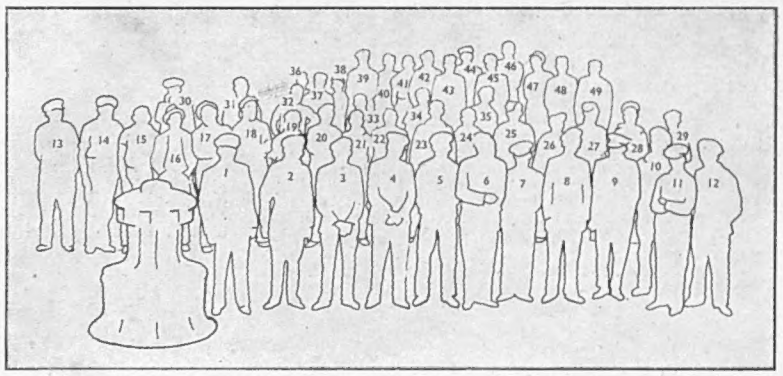
HERE is the story-picture of a typical crew of a Merchant Navy ship. The crew were lined up at a British port when they had brought their charge back to port unscathed through U-boat lanes. These men are typical of tens of thousands of their comrades in the Merchant Navy whose courage and endurance on the embattled seas have made possible the victories of the fighting forces.

Their deeds often go unrecorded, but here is the story of one of their number, of their men, what they do and the vessel in which they serve.

Of the deck department, the Captain is the Master of the ship and all on board. His word is law. On him rests the responsibility of delivering the ship, its cargo and its crew safely to their destination. The Mate, as he is known on board, is the Captain's right-hand man. He is the working head of the ship, and besides taking a regular watch on the bridge (4 to 8), he also directs the deck department's duties and is responsible for the maintenance, cleanliness and smooth running of the deck part of the ship. The Second Mate keeps the 12-to-4 watch ("the graveyard watch") and is the ship's Navigating Officer and, on many ships, also the Gunnery Officer. The Third Mate keeps the 8-to-12 watch in place of the Captain. He is usually the Signals Officer of the ship, is sometimes the Gunnery Officer and, when the ship is loading or discharging cargo, is responsible for the fore-end of the ship.

The apprentice is the Captain of the future. The three Sparks maintain wireless watch (four hours on and eight hours off), and are responsible for the general maintenance of the radio installation on board. "Chips," or "Chippie," has very varied duties. He can usually be relied on to do anything from splicing a wire rope to making a cage for the parrot. The Bo'sun is the seafaring counterpart of the foreman ashore. He is in charge of all the A.B.s and Ordinary Seamen and takes his orders from the Mate.

Of the engine-room department, "The Chief" is the "Captain," and down below his word is law. He has sole responsibility for the engine-room department and works in close conjunction with the Captain. The Second Engineer is the engine-room equivalent of the Mate. He is the working head of the engine-room and keeps the 4-to-8 watch. The Third Engineer keeps the 12-to-4 watch. He is usually the ship's electrician. He is also responsible for the after-winches. The Fourth Engineer keeps the 8-to-12 watch in place of the Chief Engineer, and is also in charge of the forward winches and windlass.



A KEY TO THE CREW OF THE "FORT DEASE LAKE"—1—The Master; 2—First Mate; 3—Second Mate; 4—Third Mate; 5—Apprentice; 6—First Radio Officer; 7 and 8—Second and Third Radio Officers; 9—Chief Engineer; 10, 11, 12—Second, Third and Fourth Engineers; 13—Carpenter; 14—Bo'sun; 15—Able Seaman; 16—Ordinary Seaman; 17—Able Seaman; 18 and 19—Ordinary Seamen; 20, 21, 22, 23—Able Seamen; 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29—Naval D.E.M.S. and Army Gunners; 30—Chief Steward; 31—Asst. Steward; 32—Second Steward; 33—Messroom Steward; 34—Chief Cook; 35—Galley Boy; 36, 37, 38—Dockers; 39, 40—Firemen-Trimmers; 41—Greaser; 42, 43—Firemen-Trimmers; 44—Greaser; 45, 46, 47, 48, 49—Firemen-Trimmers

The greasers keep watches with the respective engineers, and carry out the oiling of all the moving machinery in the engine-room. In a normal day, each fireman would shovel three tons of coal. A large percentage of ships nowadays are either oil-burners, where firing is a comparatively easy job, or motor ships, where no firemen are carried.

The naval gunners are men of the D.E.M.S. (Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships) branch of the Royal Navy. They are responsible for the manning and maintenance of the defensive equipment of the ship, and are generally assisted, in the event of action, by members of the crew who have been trained and qualified as Merchant Seamen gunners. The Army gunners are provided by the Royal Maritime Regiment and are trained in the handling of their own specific weapons.

The dockers fit very appropriately into the picture: they are fighting the Battle of the Seas alongside the men who man the ships. On their broad shoulders falls the task of turning the ships round as quickly as possible.

The *Fort Dease Lake* was built in Canada at North Vancouver, British Columbia. Most Canadian-built merchant ships are prefixed with the name "Fort," and recently it was stated that Canada, which before the war had no shipbuilding industry to speak of, was now turning out fifty "Fort" ships a year, besides a great deal of small naval escort craft. This particular ship has spacious crew quarters. The officers live amidships in the bridge superstructure, the engineers slightly farther aft over the engine-room and the crew right aft, with a maximum of four men to a room.

The *Fort Dease Lake* has a dead-weight tonnage of 10,330, which is the maximum weight she can carry, including her bunkers and stores. This means that in a single trip she could bring to Britain enough pig iron to build four destroyers, or enough sugar to give more than 40,000,000 people their weekly half-pound ration.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER PETER SCOTT ONCE AGAIN ENGAGES THE ENEMY in a battle fought at high speed and at close range near the enemy's coast. One of the British M.T.B.s is taking her damaged sister in tow whilst another lays a dense, protecting smoke-screen. To the right a German R-boat is cutting in to fire on the crippled vessel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

LIGHT COASTAL FORCES and SUBMARINES

Lieut.-Commander Scott's Recent Action off the French Coast. And a Submarine Engagement in the Mediterranean
—Two *Special* Sphere *Drawings*

"It was just about the fiercest action of my experience. At one time the tracer fire from about a dozen enemy ships all shooting at once was so blinding that it was quite impossible to observe the course of events or even to keep station."

Such was the description by Lieut.-Commander Peter M. Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C. (son of the famous explorer), of his most recent engagement between light coastal forces under his command and an enemy force of about twelve armed trawlers and R-boats. The battle was fought at high speed and at close range.

Lieut. James Southcott was responsible for the exceptionally fine piece of seamanship during the action depicted in the above drawing. While the engagement continued around him, he managed to take a disabled boat in tow in a matter of four minutes. With Lieut.-Commander Scott's boat drawing the fire of the enemy and laying a smoke-screen, the tow withdrew from the action and both boats reached harbour safely. But while the tow was being passed, an R-boat had to be held off: Lieut.-Commander Scott called this "a fine piece of work and a justification for constant and patient training."

The enemy was apparently hesitant to go through the smoke, and the damaged boat was able to withdraw. The action was fought only four miles off the occupied French coast, and shells from coastal batteries in the vicinity of Cherbourg burst high overhead during the battle.

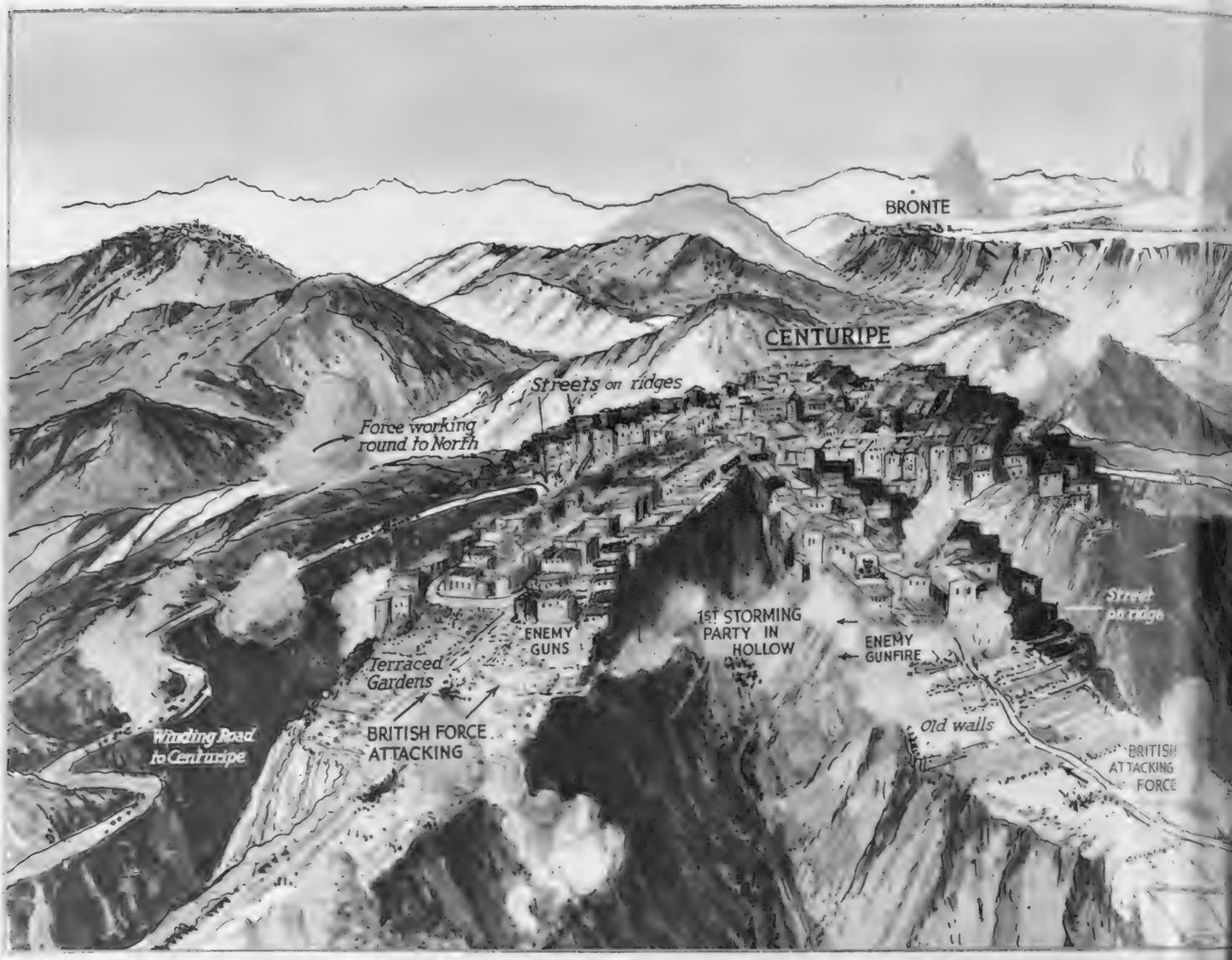
The artist son of the late Captain Scott has already distinguished himself greatly in the English Channel: all the actions in which he has participated have been distinguished by great dash and bravery and coolness.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE BRITISH SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. An enemy ship's bridge is hurled three-quarters of a mile as the result of a direct torpedo hit, and the blast from it was felt in the submarine's Control Room!—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—So formidable was the explosion when a torpedo from a British submarine struck a 6,000-ton Italian ammunition ship during a recent patrol in the Mediterranean, that, although the submarine was three-quarters of a mile from her target when she dived, the commanding officer of the submarine saw the bridge of the stricken ship "go sailing overhead."

"It was the most tremendous explosion I have ever seen," said the commanding officer, Lieut. M. G. R. Lumby, D.S.O., D.S.C. "The blast from it was felt in the Control Room. A sheet of orange flame went up hundreds of feet into the air, and burning debris hurtled in all directions. As we were diving, the bridge of our target went sailing overhead, and we were fortunate to be undamaged by the large and small bits of debris that were landing all round us. A hole in our pressure hull at that distance from home would have been a pity."

He went on to say that he believed that had the range been any greater, the submarine would have been in worse trouble, as all the heavy pieces landed about 1,000 yards *astern* of it!



A VERY REMARKABLE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD WHOSE CAPTURE BY THE 78TH DIVISION "AFTER VERY BITTER FIGHTING IN ITS STREETS" WAS REPORTED BY THE PRIME MINISTER to the House of Commons on August 3—the town of Centuripe ("Cherry Ripe" to the British troops), which is built in the shape of four prongs on spurs of the mountain mass: the capture of this grim mountain stronghold has been described as a "remarkable achievement": in the days before artillery it would have been considered impregnable—*Drawing by Percy Home*

A CLEVER METHOD EMPLOYED BY THE ROYAL NAVY TO HAMPER THE RETREAT OF THE GERMANS TOWARDS MESSINA—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Mention has recently been made of the part played by our naval vessels in hindering the Axis retreat along the coast road from Catania towards Messina. This road, in places, actually skirts the sea and thus is particularly vulnerable. British warships during their bombardments aimed not at the road itself, but at the towering masses of rocky cliff above: by this means they were able to bring down thousands of tons of rock across the coastal highway—a much more effective method than attempting to score direct hits on a comparatively narrow roadway! The area depicted in the drawing above includes the town of Taormina, which lies on the top of a high cliff: it was here that Axis headquarters were located at the start of the Sicilian campaign. R.A.F. bombers dealt very effectively with these H.Q. at the very moment when our first landings were being made

PHASES of the CAMPAIGN on the ISLAND of SICILY

The Capture of "Cherry Ripe," and the Closing of the Ring Around Mount Etna

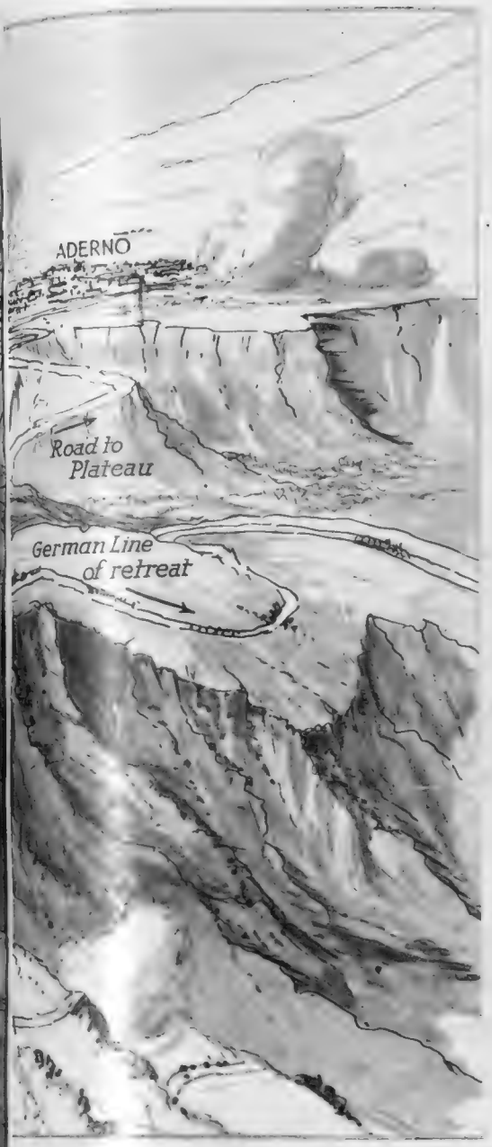
—With Special Sphere Drawings

Lying to the west of the main mountain mass of Etna is the town of Centuripe, "Easily the strongest mountain position I personally have seen," as one special correspondent in Sicily described it. Its capture was, in fact, a minor military classic. Known as "Cherry Ripe" to the British troops, it is a fairy-tale town on the top of a typical Sicilian rock summit: it was taken by assault by infantry in one of the most spectacular and "impossible" actions of the campaign. Its capture meant the cutting of the main German line of communications along the whole front and an immediate threat to Catania. So important was Centuripe that the Prime Minister made special reference to it in the House of Commons on August 3. The town lies on four spurs of a mountain mass: one approaches it along a narrow road which corkscrews along the flank of one of the precipitous ridges that run out for perhaps a couple of miles. It is built on the sheer edge of a slope which runs up to the summit at an angle of more than 45 degrees. The slopes immediately round the town are terraced for cultivation: those farther away consist of slippery grass and of loose, crumbling stone of sheer cliff. Before the days of artillery, when it was built as a fortress town, Centuripe would have been impregnable.

This grim mountain stronghold was captured by the 78th Division only after nearly twenty-four hours of continuous climbing and fighting. The Division are renowned as the great mountain fighters of the Tunisian campaign, where they were never late on a single objective

BRITISH AIRCRAFT FLY UP THE ITALIAN COAST AS FAR AS NAPLES. Whilst the fighting by land has been going on fiercely in Sicily, R.A.F. Beaufighters have been sweeping the Bay of Naples for enemy shipping. On one day's sortie they destroyed a schooner; sank a steamer by torpedo; and shot up and sank a large landing-craft. The steamer was thought to be carrying ammunition: the Beaufighter on the right of the above picture scored the torpedo hit—and the vessel promptly blew up

Below—After the forcing back of the Germans around Catania, a fiercely-contested series of actions took place to the north-east and north-west of Mount Etna, where the circular road around the volcano begins to enter the Randazzo-Castiglione valley. The left arm of the Eighth Army had been thrust forward along this road to Bronte and beyond: at the same time, Canadian troops had been pressing back outlying German forces at Troina, which they had reached from Agira. It was evident that Randazzo, the medieval rock-perched town at the western end of the valley, was a vital position. A road leads through the Peleritari Mountains to the northern coast; but the main, and more tempting, retreat lines seemed to be through Castiglione, whence main motoring routes branch off to Mazzarra and Taormina. Randazzo's communications were heavily bombed: simultaneously the right wing of the Eighth Army was pressing along the shore towards Giarre, the junction station where the Etna railway meets the Catania-Messina main line. At every point of contact the enemy strewed mines and booby-traps



CLOSING THE RING AROUND MOUNT ETNA: HOW THE ALLIES PRESSED TOWARDS THE NORTHERN VALLEY AND FORCED THE GERMANS TO RETREAT round the north face of Mount Etna. This view is taken from the sea, looking into the valley which leads to Randazzo, the key to the whole position and around which very heavy fighting took place. From here a road runs through the valley towards Troina—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The FIGHTING NEARS a CLIMAX

Scenes Around Etna as the Canadians Came to Grips with the Germans in the Mountains

And the Wonderful Co-operation of the R.A.F. with the Forces on Land —*Special Sphere Drawings*

HOW THE CANADIANS GO IN TO THE ATTACK AGAINST THE GERMANS "bolt upright instead of crouching or crawling," when making a charge with the bayonet—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It was at the battle of Grottacalda—a high pass in the mountains in the Enna district—that the Canadians first really got to grips with the Germans, and routed them. Then, later, towards Leonforte, Germans and Canadians again clashed—and again the Canadians won. As fighting men, the warriors from the Dominion made a wholesome impression. Fighting was ruthless, with no quarter asked or given. Enemy prisoners have particularly remarked with awe on the Canadian habit of coming in bolt upright to attack, instead of crouching or crawling. "It may be an expensive habit," says one correspondent, "but it has impressed the Germans with the Canadians' fearless determination to get to grips."

STREET FIGHTING IN ONE OF THE HILL-TOP TOWNS OF SICILY: Enemy snipers being attacked by Canadian infantry—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The scene depicted in this drawing took place whilst the Eighth Army was still battering the German line to the south of the city of Catania. The Canadian wing of the Eighth Army had fought its way into a small town late one evening and street fighting and machine-gun exchanges went on until a late hour. Eventually, the position was taken after some of the bitterest fighting of the whole campaign. The undistinguished hill-town, with its slate-grey houses (in contrast to some of the more colourful island cities) and a few thousand poverty-stricken inhabitants, was of considerable strategic importance. German snipers had ensconced themselves in some of the houses lining the main street and proceeded to pick off the attackers: but this is a form of fighting in which the Canadians excel! Taking advantage of every scrap of cover, and using rifles, machine-guns and hand grenades, the enemy was routed out. Generally throughout the Sicilian campaign, houses in towns and villages have been found to be hornets' nests for snipers, and our troops have had to show caution in the occupation of towns and villages. For the German Army it has been one of the bloodiest struggles in which they have been engaged outside of Russia

A NOVEL INSTANCE OF CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE LAND FORCES AND THE R.A.F. during the fighting around Mount Etna: Spitfires assume the role of guides for the Allied infantry pursuing the retreating Germans in the hilly country of Central Sicily—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

This scene on a roadway amongst the confused jumble of hills in the fighting area of Sicily is typical of the manner in which all the Allied forces on the island are co-operating. It was found that the ground forces were finding difficulty in locating quickly the exact roads along which the Germans were retreating, bag and baggage, towards Messina; often there is a veritable network of tracks and roads along which infantry may go astray and thus waste precious time. Consequently, the R.A.F. was called upon to help. From the air it was easy to detect the vital retreat roads: by circling over these, Spitfire fighters were able to direct our tanks and lorried infantry. When contact was established with the fleeing enemy, the Spitfires were then able to provide an "umbrella" for our troops! As the Axis withdrew, the Allies remained in close pursuit, many of the roads being macadamised and thus permitting quick movement

PERFECT BOMBING BY AMERICAN AND BRITISH AIRCRAFT: The ceaseless attacks on the Germans around Etna went on by day and by night. In the darkness, the explosions of ammunition dumps were everywhere seen as the enemy prepared to pull out—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

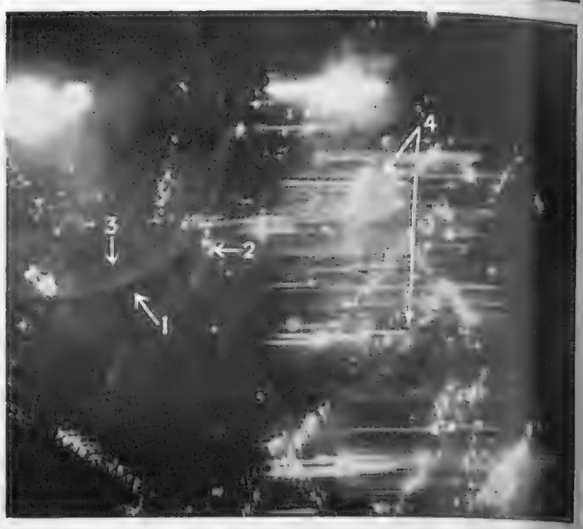
With the beginning of the final battle for the Sicilian "tip," the Allied bombing worked up to a scale comparable with that of the final Tunisian blitz—with squadron after squadron of light and medium bombers shuttling back and forth to pulverise those towns which still resisted our advance. "I heard this morning that resistance was so light," reported Douglas Brass, "and the destruction so complete that pilots found the job monotonous and asked for further confirmation from the Army! The activity did not decline one whit during the night." The shelling of enemy positions grew in intensity, while the sky every now and then was ruddily lit by the German demolitions of bombs and equipment on the airfields. In the Etna region, forward German ammunition dumps were blown up and the night sky glowed for hours and fires burned at dozens of points

The GREAT OFFENSIVE by AIR

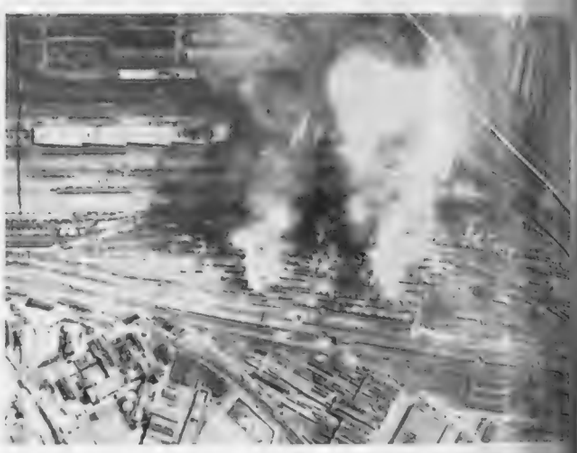
New Pictures of the Round-the-Clock Bombing of the Axis by British and American Aircraft

THE GREAT ARMAMENTS CENTRE OF GERMANY DEVASTATED BY THE R.A.F.: A RECONNAISSANCE "MOSAIC" OF THE KRUPPS WORKS AT ESSEN AFTER THE HEAVY RAID OF JULY 25-26. This "mosaic" has been built up from R.A.F. reconnaissance photographs taken after the big raid by Bomber Command on the night of July 25-26. It shows how extensive is the devastation, particularly among the scores of workshops and buildings in what was Germany's greatest and most important arms-producing plant. The damage caused to each section of the works has been outlined in the picture above: the key below indicates the important sections which have been destroyed in this, and earlier, raids

1—Wheel axle workshop.
2—Sheds demolished.
3—Machine shop.
4—Machine shop (heavy guns, loco wheels).
5—Machine shop (field-gun carriages).
6—Diesel-engine works (medium and heavy gun mounting).
7—Probably engineering shop.
8—Probably engineering shop.
9—Machine shop (long-range guns).
10—Repair shops (fuses).
11—Engineering or assembly shop.
12—Open-hearth and electric-steel foundry.
13—Smithy and forge.
14—Hydraulic presses shop.
15—Finishing shop and generator house for electric furnaces.
16—Open-hearth furnace shops and steel foundry.
17—Open-hearth furnace shops and steel foundry.
18—Rolling mill (shell forging).
19—Steel foundry and rolling mill.
20—Annealing shop.
21—Small foundry.
22—Forge and smith shop.
23—75 per cent. of this area, adjoining the works, gutted by fire.
24—Locomotive works.
25—Machine shop.
26—Probable engineering shops.
27—Foundry, tyre and ball mill.
28—Loco tenders and wagons.
29—Probable armoured trains.
30—Wagon shop (rolling stock and medium howitzers).
31—Proving grounds.
32—Machine shop (light field-carriages).
33—Machine shop (small and medium guns).
34—Forge and rolling mill.
35—Probable finishing shop.
36—Spring steel workshop.
37—Wood storage and sawmills.
38—Machine shop (shell turnery)
39—Foundries (shell turnery)
40—Workers' billets.

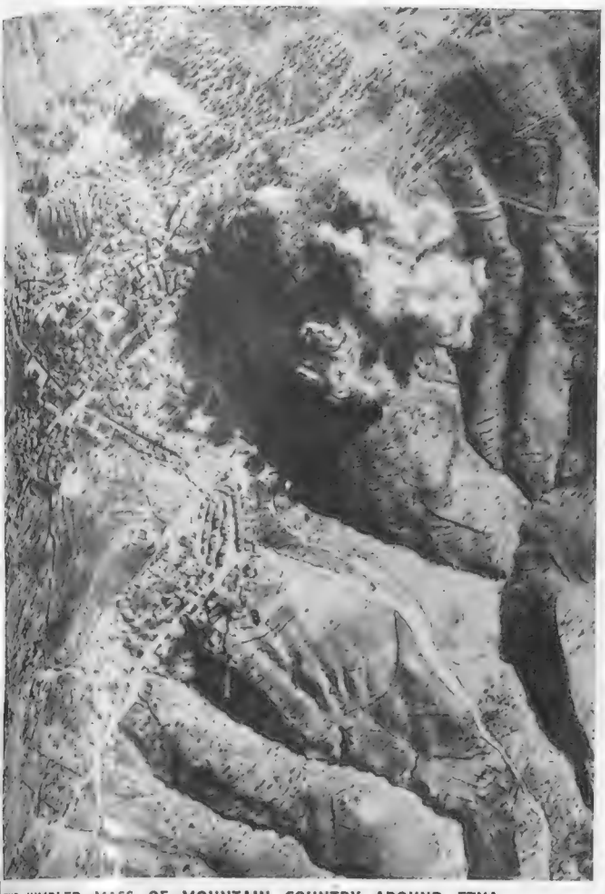


WHAT THE BOMBER PILOT SEES OVER THE CITY OF HAMBURG. This is the scene that greets the airman over the most-bombed city in the world. The picture was taken during the course of the attack on the night of July 24-25, and shows Germany's largest port very well illuminated by photo-flash bombs and fires, the photograph showing: 1—Aussen Alster; 2—bridge leading to the main railway station; 3—flare position on a lake; 4—burning incendiaries and fires



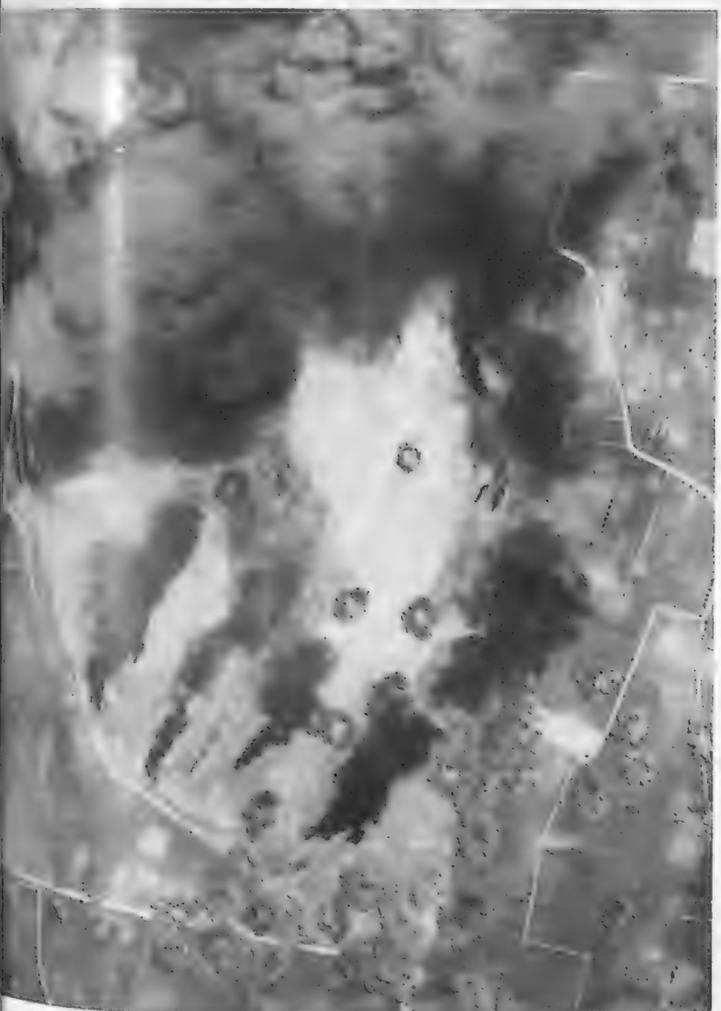
THE BOMBING OF BOLOGNA BY AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES. When this picture was issued earlier in the month, Fortresses of the Strategic Air Force had penetrated farther into Italy than ever before, the objective was the marshalling yards at Bologna, an important railway junction. Smoke is here seen rising after direct hits had been registered by the bombers on rolling-stock in the yards

LIGHT BOMBERS ATTACK AXIS POSITIONS IN SICILY. An R.A.F. Boston bomber flying over the harbour during an attack on the port of Milazzo, near Messina, on the north coast of the island. Bombs are seen bursting on the foreshore. Tons of supplies on their way to the Axis armies were known to be stored in sheds and dumps near the harbour



THE JUMBLED MASS OF MOUNTAIN COUNTRY AROUND ETNA. It is now commonplace to refer to the "jumbled country" between Catania and Messina. This picture shows *how* jumbled the terrain is; and, by implication, the difficulties which face the Eighth Army on their way north around Mount Etna. Not only are the roads twisting and precipitous, but Axis strong-points dot the area at every turn. Allied light bombers were plastering some of these positions when this picture was taken during the battle for Catania

A RECONNAISSANCE PICTURE WHICH REVEALS SEVERE BOMBING DAMAGE AT NAPLES. This photograph was taken on July 17, after heavy day and night raids on important military objectives in Italy's great naval base: it shows that very severe damage was caused to the Central Station, the marshalling yards, the Breda Locomotive Works and oil-storage installations. The Station is seen on the left of this picture: of its eight platforms, the four northern ones are heavily damaged and two others have been hit. At least six trains were bombed, and throughout the area station buildings and sidings were hit repeatedly, with extensive and serious damage to sheds, tracks and rolling-stock. One long shed (to the right centre) was still burning when the picture was taken. The Breda Locomotive Works (top right) has been put out of action, and the line from the works to the main railroad is blocked by a wrecked train



ITALIAN FUEL AND AIRCRAFT ABLAZE DURING AN ALLIED ATTACK. R.A.F. Wellingtons operating by night, and U.S. Fortresses operating by day, have kept up a steady onslaught on enemy air bases deep in Italian territory. Hundreds of aircraft have been destroyed and landing-grounds made unserviceable by the round-the-clock bombardment from aircraft flying out from North African bases. This picture was taken from a Fortress in one of the daylight attacks on the Leverano Airfield. Black smoke from oil or petrol fires partly obscured the ground; and at least a dozen aircraft were to be seen blazing on the edge of the aerodrome as more bombs burst across the dispersal areas

AFTER THE RAID ON ROME: The scene at the Campino Airfield. Scores of wrecked aircraft littered the bomb-craters on Rome's airfield after the devastating raid by 500 American bombers on July 19, when the Italian capital was hit from the air for the first time in this war. Ammunition dumps were demolished, and hangars and administrative buildings heavily damaged and set on fire. On the perimeter of the airfield in this picture can be seen blast-proof bays, some of which contained aircraft. The bays are intended to protect the 'planes they house during just such an attack as this

IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN MID-SUMMER: THE ATTACK ON A BIG ALLIED CONVOY BY A GERMAN "WOLF-PACK" OF TWENTY-FIVE U-BOATS IS FRUSTRATED air cover was provided during daylight hours and in bright moonlight at night by aircraft of Coastal Command operating

A BIG U-BOAT ATTACK FOILED

The Great Attack by Twenty-five German Submarines Which Failed—Just Before Admiral Doenitz Called Off His "Wolf-Packs," to Think Out New Tactics
—Two Special* Sphere *Drawings

AFTER a considerable lull in the harrying of Allied convoys by Germany's "wolf-pack" U-boats in the North Atlantic, a big attack was staged by twenty-five to thirty submarines on one of the most important Allied convoys some little time ago. As fully reported at the time, it was a complete failure—so complete, in fact, that it is thought to be the final factor in forcing the Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy to call off his U-boats from the Atlantic.

It seemed as if the convoy was in for a difficult time when the attack first developed; but so strong are the Allied forces in the Atlantic to-day, and so relentless the assaults by surface escorts of the Royal Navy and by aircraft of Coastal Command operating from the United Kingdom and Iceland, that the enemy was denied an opportunity *to launch even one attack.*

The lurking U-boats were not the only danger which beset the merchantmen of the convoy, however. In taking the Northern route, it encountered an additional and very serious danger, in the form of icebergs brought down from Arctic waters as the summer advances. These calve off from the Greenland and other glaciers and float down with the regular currents across the shipping routes before they finally disintegrate in the warmth of more southerly seas. This is a danger which has always been a serious one to shipping in ordinary times. Under war conditions, with a fleet of variously shaped and powered vessels churning along in close formation, the danger from ice is much greater.

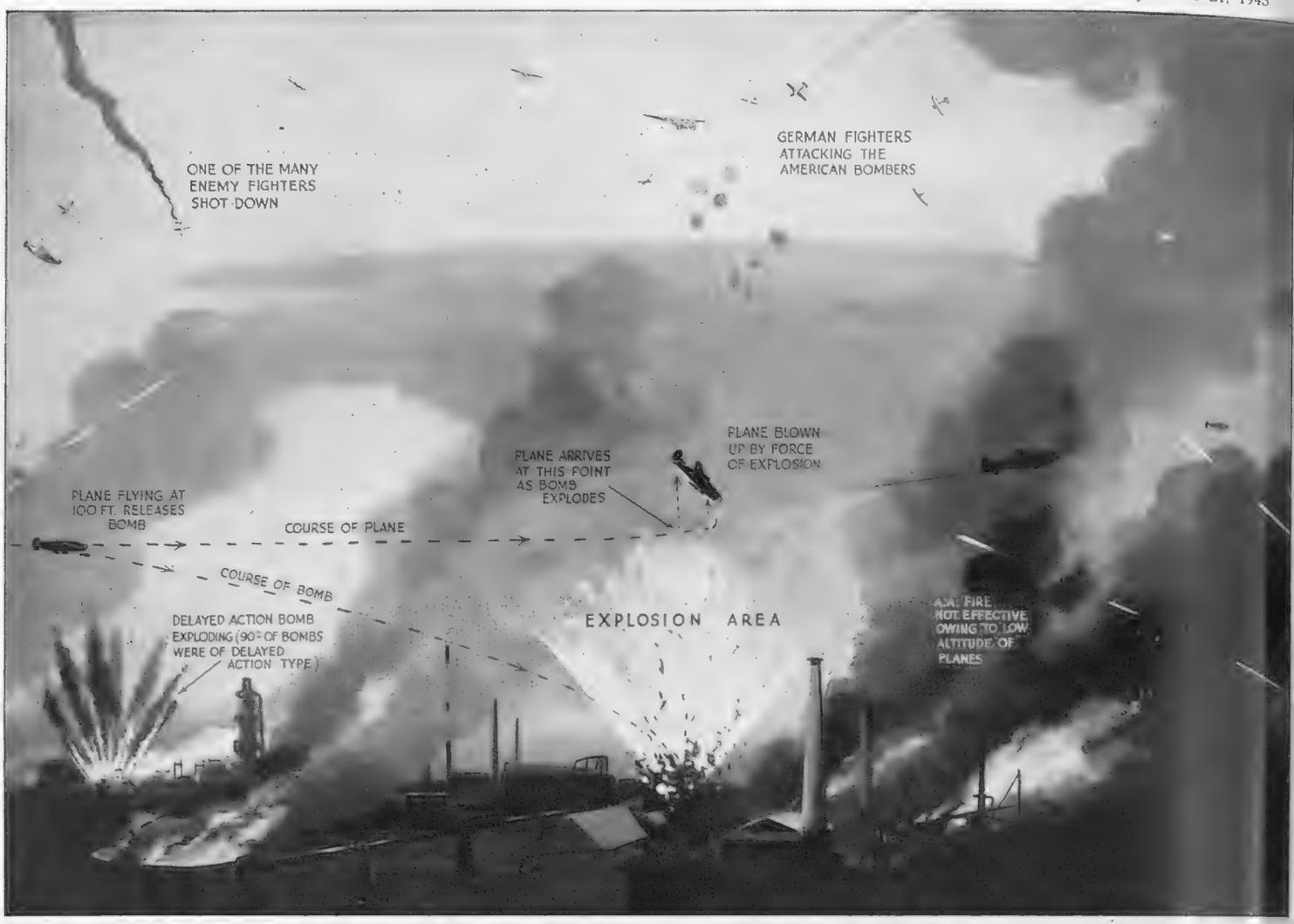
Fog, too, frequently accompanies the ice on its southerly journey. It was so in the case of the big convoy here illustrated

***On right*—PLANNING TO BEAT THE U-BOAT AS A BRITISH CONVOY SAILS.** The Commodore of the Convoy explains a point about signalling in reply to a question put by a Merchant Navy captain. Behind the Commodore stands an officer of the Naval Control Service who will later tell the conference about the ships which will join up with them when they are a week out

ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AWAY FROM THE CO[NVOY] ships altered course and hurtled towa[rds]

COMPLETELY; but "dense fog and icebergs encountered during part of the passage formed additional hazards for both escorts and convoy." As the weather cleared, great distances from their bases in Britain and Iceland—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

DAY, LOOK-OUTS IN THE CROW'S NESTS OF THE FRIGATES "WEAR" AND "JED" HAD SIGHTED TWO U-BOATS TRAVELLING TOWARDS THE MERCHANTMEN. As both the enemy at full speed, one of the U-boats fired torpedoes. They passed harmlessly between the frigates: the track of one is indicated in the drawing above. Both submarines quickly submerged, but were at once attacked by the British frigates—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



AMERICAN LIBERATORS OVER THE RUMANIAN OILFIELD INSTALLATIONS AT PLOESTI—a devastating, but very costly, attack. Whilst over the target, so heavy were the explosions that one of the Liberators was blown up by its own bombs. This diagram-drawing gives a general impression of the scene over the target area whilst the raid was in progress—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE AIR WAR CONTINUES

The American Raid on Ploesti; and the Continued Raids on Hamburg and Milan

—Special Sphere Drawings

On August 1 a force of 177 Liberators bombed the important Rumanian oilfields at Ploesti. Photographic evidence has since shown how devastating was the attack—so that there can be no question of its great value. But—heavy losses were suffered. The drawing above and the diagram-map on the right are intended to show the reasons for these losses. According to Mr. Henry Stimson, U.S. Secretary for War, between fifteen and twenty bombers were shot down over the target, about the same number did not return to their base, and another eight were reported to have been forced down in Turkey.

The route followed by the bombers from the Middle East meant a journey out and home of some 2,400 miles: as soon as the Liberators crossed the Bulgarian border their course was plotted right up to the target. By the time they reached the latter, the defenders were obviously on the alert: with no possibility of surprise, therefore, losses were bound to be heavy over the target. But, equally, on the return route, the enemy's fighter aircraft would have been forewarned: the route home must have been obvious, so that all was in favour of the Rumanian and German interceptors.

Reports from Ankara, in fact, have confirmed that the defenders at Ploesti were on the alert *for an hour* before the raiders arrived, "as the flight of the bombers had been charted while the Americans were crossing Bulgaria." Swarms of fighters waited at high altitudes, and they included F.W. 190's manned by Germans and Me.'s flown by Rumanians. They attacked as the American bombers neared the target and a great air battle raged throughout the raid.

The low height at which the Liberators attacked largely defeated the anti-aircraft gunners; but this method brought about another danger. One Liberator, for instance, was blown up by the explosion of its own bombs, so low was it flying. Three waves took part in the assault, and the heat and flames must have been a very great danger to the Americans throughout. The damage to oilfield installations at Ploesti was very heavy.

***On right*—THE ATTACK ON PLOESTI—a flight of 2,400 miles.** To reach the oilfields of Rumania, the bombing force set out from Egypt and made a round trip of 2,400 miles. This diagram shows the relation of the oilfields to the rest of the Balkans, and the considerable distances which had to be flown over hostile territory, both on the outward and return journeys: this was one of the reasons for the heavy losses incurred amongst the American bombing force

***Upper right*—**
After the fall of Mussolini, Allied aircraft took the news of the capitulation promises of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt direct to the people of Italy. During flights over the great industrial city of Milan and over Como (a headquarters of Fascism), British and American planes showered down hundreds of thousands of leaflets as well as bombs. The flight over Milan represented in our drawing was made in daylight by American Liberators at a moment when the civilian population were demonstrating in favour of peace: it is reported that the Milanese "wildly cheered" the aircraft, which appeared a few hours after the Fascist Cellari Prison had been stormed. By night, British aircraft also dropped leaflets (and bombs): the leaflets cited Badoglio's pronouncement that "the war continues" and added: "We are continuing too!" The industrial north of Italy is the region where the demand for peace has been most insistent and most vociferous since the abolition of Fascism

***On right*—**
During raids over Germany, it is not always the anti-aircraft fire or the night fighters which cause the casualties amongst our bombers. The heavens themselves sometimes take a hand, and add to the difficulties of the bombing squadrons. During the fourth great raid on Hamburg, on August 2-3, a violent thunderstorm was going on in the upper air while our bombers flew out to the attack. "It was impossible to tell which was flak and which was lightning," one pilot said. "Along the route almost all the way from the English coast to the target there had been clouds and rainstorms." Strange lightning like blue sparks flashed on the guns and fuselage: it crackled on the airmen's gloves and blinded everyone. Wind tore at the aircraft and some of them could not climb: in some cases the storm put instruments and the intercom. telephones out of use. "I have been on four of the recent raids," said another pilot, "but this was the Daddy of the lot. Even the compasses were useless. I never imagined a storm like this one. I still think flight was impossible in it, and I don't know how we got back." Still another pilot said that the Germans could take no credit for what happened (thirty bombers were missing after the raid). It was all the storm! "The weather was so awful that it was a relief to see the flak. That, at least, was real and something we could understand!"

TELLING THE PEOPLE OF ITALY THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR AND ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF MUSSOLINI : Liberator aircraft flown by American pilots shower down leaflets on the city of Milan during demonstrations for peace. The aircraft flew over the city by daylight and were "wildly cheered" by the Italians. British planes also dropped leaflets over Milan by night—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

BOMBING HAMBURG THROUGH THE STORMS DURING THE FOURTH GREAT RAID ON GERMANY'S MOST IMPORTANT PORT : For once Germany's tremendous defences almost paled to insignificance, the chief obstacles on this occasion being great electric storms, heavy clouds and big winds. Air crews who took part have described this raid as the "Battle of the Great Storm"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

SICILIAN SCENE

How the Island Cities Fell to Our Advancing Troops and the Welcome they Received from the Civilian Population

CATANIA : TROOPS WHO HAD BEEN IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING FOR THE CITY MOPPING-UP AMONG ITS RUINS. When the Eighth Army entered Catania, Sicily's principal port and focus of fierce fighting for many days, they were welcomed by the remaining civilian population with relief, excitement and enthusiastic cheers. The Germans had fought with stubborn desperation before the town was captured by the British forces

REGALBUTO : CANADIAN ARMOURED VEHICLES RUMBLE THROUGH THE TOWN. The bomb-shattered buildings are evidence of the bitter fighting which preceded the fall of this fiercely-defended hill town. All along the sector assigned to the Canadians they encountered heavy opposition; but their determined bayonet charges finally daunted and demoralised the enemy

MISTERBIANCO : AN ANTI-FASCIST DEMONSTRATION AFTER THE ALLIED CAPTURE OF THE TOWN. Carrying a white flag, these men greeted the Eighth Army with enthusiasm after they had learned of the fall of Mussolini. Misterbianco lies to the north-west of Catania : its queer name is reported to have caused "great joy" to the British

BOMB-WRECKED WAREHOUSES AND FREIGHT WAGONS on the quayside at Catania after its capture by the Eighth Army on August 5—an R.A.F. picture by radio from Algiers

EARLY ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 5, women of Catania lead the cheering as British troops sped through the town in pursuit of the fleeing Germans

CENTURIPE : INFANTRY FOLLOW A BREN-GUN CARRIER through the narrow, war-scarred streets of the hill town

"Cherry Ripe," as it was known to the men of the 78th Division, was captured on the same day as Catania. It is a grim mountain stronghold perched on a four-pronged mountain mass. The bitterest fighting of the whole campaign to date took place outside this town.

HOW THE ROYAL NAVY BOMBARDED THE PORT OF CATANIA: A battleship hurling its big shells towards the land

The two pictures given here were taken by an official naval photographer on July 17. Answering a call from the Army, a British battleship on that day hurled tons of shells from a range varying from 15,000 to 11,000 yards at enemy troops still holding out in Catania. At the same time, destroyers engaged shore batteries from a still closer range: although our ships were later attacked from the air, they suffered no casualties or damage. Three Focke-Wulf 190's which flew over during the bombardment were greeted by such intense anti-aircraft fire that one of the German pilots was heard to say over his radio, "Let's go home now."

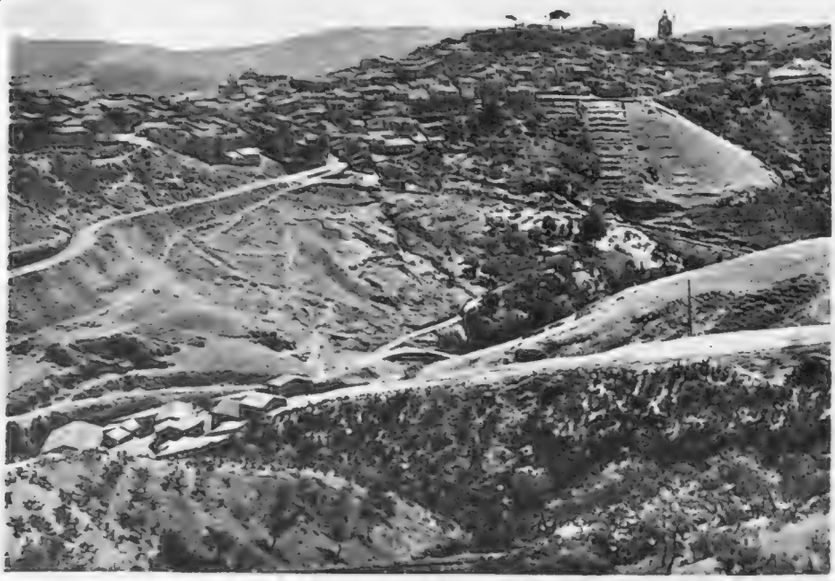
WHEN A DICTATOR FALLS: Portraits of the Duce in all the towns and villages on the island were subjected to one of the war's most severe barrages when, following the news of Mussolini's downfall, eggs and rotten fruit were rained on his likeness by the disgusted anti-Fascist Sicilians

OFF CATANIA: British destroyers attacking a submarine with depth-charges while the bombardment of the port was in progress

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN RESTRAINT IS REMOVED FROM A DOWNTRODDEN PEOPLE. When the Eighth Army entered the port of Catania after its abandonment by the Germans, they found that the Sicilians were already giving vent to their anti-Fascist feelings by looting the big stores. Numbers of men had climbed up to the balconies and forced a way into the barricaded shops: then they reappeared with their arms full of loot which was thrown down to friends and relatives. For years the Sicilians had been repressed and browbeaten by Fascist officials: as soon as the regime passed, they decided to get even with some of their oppressors. British troops were actually passing through Catania in pursuit of the enemy whilst this scene was taking place. Similar outbreaks of looting were also reported from other Sicilian towns as Fascist rule passed away

SICILY UNDER ALLIED OCCUPATION

How the Islanders have Settled Down to the New Conditions and to the Administration by the Officers of A.M.G.O.T.



A TYPICAL HILL-TOP TOWN IN THE CENTRE OF THE ISLAND : A view of Vizzini, which during the fighting in Sicily changed hands several times before Allied troops eventually consolidated their positions. As the picture shows, a town such as this is difficult of approach owing to the absence of good roads for mechanised vehicles

When they first landed in Sicily close behind the assault troops, the war correspondents were so absorbed in the purely military movements that they entered towns—romantic cities with a history stretching back to the fifth century B.C.—and only referred to them as "key points," or "lying astride road and rail junctions." As the days passed, however, the despatches home were somewhat enlarged and gained in local colour.

The attitude of the civilian population to the oncoming invaders began to receive more attention. "They are not in the least afraid," wrote one correspondent. "They bring chairs on to the pavements and sit there watching the traffic stream by." Five days after the initial landings, another was able to write: "The past two days have seen a steady trek back to the farms and villages of civilians in numerous donkey-carts. It is interesting to note that the men smile and salute British fashion. The children laugh and cheer and give the V sign. But most of the women are serious-faced and undemonstrative."

The almost ostentatious friendliness reached its peak when the Americans entered Palermo. "People were looking from doors and balconies, and they clapped as we passed. . . . Our hands were wrung till they were limp and sore. Men and women kissed us. We found ourselves covered with flowers."

One thing which struck many observers was the immensity of the propaganda work of the Fascists. Every town, village and farmstead was plastered with Fascist slogans—big black letters on white walls splattered "Duce, Duce, Duce"; or "Fight, Believe, Obey"; or "The Duce is always Right" (alas!)—a propaganda effort which has proved entirely worthless if it was intended to imbue a peasant folk with great martial spirit!

It was not till the fantastic hill-crowned cities of the island's centre were reached that one gained any real idea of the fairy-tale atmosphere which hangs over the beautiful island. But then despatches came back emphasising this aspect.

To-day, on the island, the work of administration is in the hands of British and American officers of A.M.G.O.T., the special organisation which is now controlling the life of the civilians in town and village and port.

ALLIED SOLDIERS FEED LITTLE SICILIAN "EVACUEES" IN THE CATACOMBS. Many small towns and villages on the island were compelled to evacuate their children to the hills, enemy soldiers having commandeered all the available beds. In most cases ancient catacombs were used to house the youngsters, where they were cared for by Sisters of Mercy. Until the arrival of the Allies the children lived in indescribable circumstances: despite the brave attempts of the Sisters, they soon became under-nourished. In one old amphitheatre, 2,500 years old, the Americans discovered thirty families living and sleeping, under starvation conditions, in the tombs. The soldiers played a big part in feeding these little victims of modern war

TOMMY SHARES HIS RATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN—a scene in the town of Palazzolo, where a British soldier is handing out his ration of Service biscuits

THE CONTRASTS OF PEACE AND WAR IN THE OCCUPIED PORTIONS OF SICILY: "THE BRITISH SOLDIER, WHERE CIVILIANS ARE CONCERNED, IS THE GENTLEST WARRIOR IN THE WORLD." In this drawing a group of them are handing out a share of their rations to Sicilian children: on the left A.M.G.O.T. officers are dealing with Sicilian currency problems in an open-air "Cambio," or exchange—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The greater part of the island of Sicily has for some weeks been out of sight or sound of the war: and at many places the British Army have been in full occupation. According to one war correspondent, the British soldier is "the gentlest warrior" history has known. There is nothing of the swaggering conqueror about him. He knows that the islanders are short of many kinds of food: his instinctive reaction is to share some of his rations, with the children as the first recipients of his bounty. The amount dispensed in this unofficial manner must be very considerable. In the little fishing community depicted in the drawing above, A.M.G.O.T. has established an office for the regulating of currency values, one of the most important Civil Administration functions which an occupying army has to undertake. In order to straighten matters out at once, A.M.G.O.T. had in readiness a number of American-printed lire: a fixed rate of exchange was declared as soon as the Allies landed, and a number of "Cambios," or exchanges, were established so that the life of the islanders could go on smoothly

WHEN THE BRITISH FORCES ENTERED FLORIDIA, they were welcomed by Mrs. G. G. Galdes, a resident for the past eighteen years. Her husband served with the British Army in the Boer War and she still preserves his medal

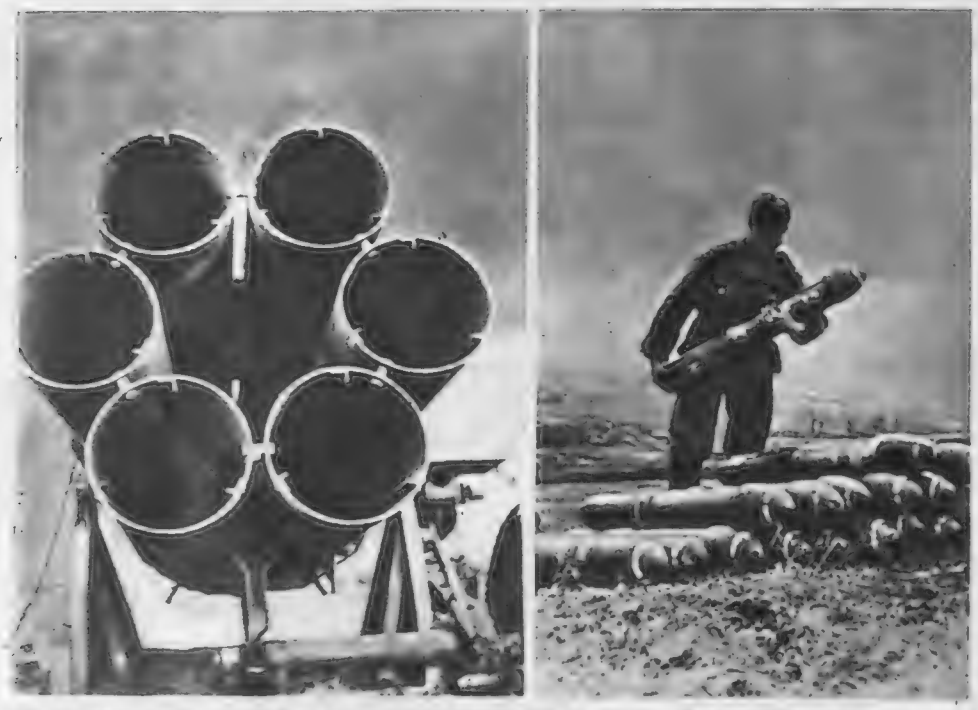
THE MULE HAS HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT HARD LABOUR! Bandsman A. Frampton (from the Isle of Wight) encounters a bout of non-co-operation on the part of a Sicilian mule. Under the Red Cross, the Bandsman was en route to the front lines with a cartload of medical supplies

The New GERMAN "NEBELWERFER"

And Two Pictures from Rome After the Fall of the Duce

THE NEWEST OF GERMANY'S "SECRET WEAPONS": The smoke-screen thrower or "Nebelwerfer," in action against the Russians on the East Front. This, and the other three pictures given here, have just arrived in London "through a neutral source"

THIS IS HOW THE FOG-THROWER WORKS: A picture published in the "Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung" showing the "Nebelwerfer" in action on the Russian front



THE SIX-BARRELLED WEAPON AND THE SHELLS WHICH IT FIRES. **The multi-barrels can project smoke, fire and explosive shells in one action, so it is claimed.** The fog-throwing "Nebelwerfer" is said to be Germany's new "secret weapon." Already the Germans have produced some seven or eight similar "secrets," only one of which—the magnetic mine—was unknown to the British authorities at the time of its appearance! The German Press claims that multi-gun batteries of fog-throwers can project smoke, fire and explosive shells in one action, and that the method of projection does away with heavy gun barrelling, allowing fast manipulation and easy production in the factories. It is claimed that the "Nebelwerfer" is electrically controlled, and that it is capable of firing "great distances." Already it has been in action on the Russian front. At this moment (despite that it has variously been described as an "anti-invasion" weapon) it is difficult to see what particular function the "Nebelwerfer" is intended to perform!

A SIDE VIEW OF THE NEW GERMAN WEAPON: It is apparently tractor-drawn, and is mounted on rubber tyres. It is stated to be easy to produce in the factories

TWO PICTURES TAKEN IN ROME JUST AFTER THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI. *On left*—the crowd exhibits a portrait of the King. *On right*—they tour the streets of the capital to celebrate their deliverance from Fascist rule

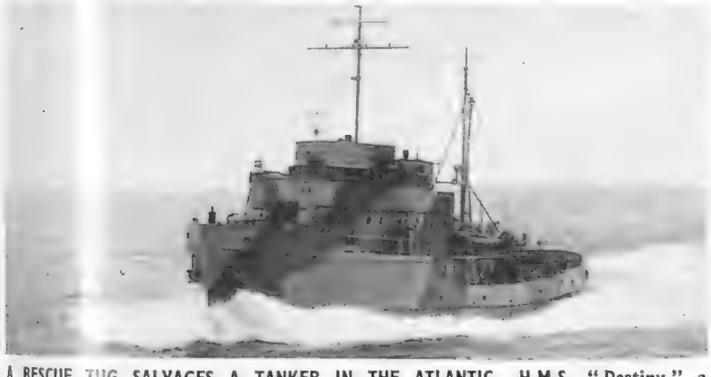
The people of Rome reacted at once to the fall of the Duce and the Fascist Party by applauding portraits of the hitherto-insignificant King Victor Emmanuel and by parading through the streets cheering King and new Prime Minister. The pent-up feelings of the populace everywhere expressed relief at the disappearance of the hated Fascists: in the industrial north, rioting and strikes followed when it became apparent that the change in Government was not to bring immediate peace. It was not long before Marshal Badoglio began to take steps to suppress the exuberance of the populace: shortly, scenes like the above were sternly suppressed in the capital and Germany was being promised that Italy still intended to continue with the war!

BEATING THE U-BOAT BY "ESCORT GROUP" TACTICS

A DESTROYER COMMANDER SETS A NEW FASHION IN HATS. Lieut. C. W. Malins, R.N., is in command of the destroyer "Exmoor." He has just set a new style in naval headgear, which is plain but practical while "tap rolling" under a hot sun! His "battle bowler" is within easy reach on the bridge, however, ready for "Action Stations" as soon as the alert is given

AN "ESCORT GROUP" EXERCISING WITH H.M.S. "PHILANTE": Carrying out manœuvres known as the "grid-iron" during training at sea. Hard and rigid training lies behind the recent brilliant naval successes in the Battle of the Atlantic. These results are largely due to the untiring efforts of Captain Baker Cresswell, D.S.O., who is Escort Training Captain of the Western Approaches, and his staff of highly-trained technical officers. Operating from the Group Escort Training Ship *Philante*, they are ceaselessly trying out new methods of attacking and hunting the U-boat. Submarines are used; motor launches represent convoys; and, directed from *Philante*, the Escort Group protect the convoy and attack the submarines. Intricate training manœuvres include boarding parties: even the most unlikely emergency is practised until the men know it thoroughly. Admiral Sir Max Horton, the C.-in-C., recently watched the manœuvres. H.M.S. *Philante* was formerly owned by Sir Thomas Sopwith as his private yacht: apart from necessary wartime modifications, she still retains many of her peacetime luxuries

ADMIRAL SIR MAX HORTON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE WESTERN APPROACHES, comes on board H.M.S. "Philante" to watch the exercises



A RESCUE TUG SALVAGES A TANKER IN THE ATLANTIC. H.M.S. "Destiny," a Lease-Lend, American-built vessel, speeding out on one of her latest ocean missions

THE RESCUE TUG ALONGSIDE THE DISTRESSED TANKER puts a hawser aboard. The great work carried out by the rescue tugs attached to the Royal Navy often goes unrecognised, although some of the most dangerous and most thrilling jobs of the war have been undertaken by this service. The tugs are stationed at various centres around the coast, and when a call for help is received a tug immediately puts out to render assistance. The task of the rescue vessel is not only to bring back the crew, but also the distressed merchantman: in most cases this has been successfully achieved. The tugs are ocean-going, and on occasion they have carried out salvage work hundreds of miles out in the Atlantic. Not only vessels are helped, but also aircraft. On one occasion a Sunderland flying-boat was towed 230 miles back to her base. Rescue tugs also carried out fine work with the Malta convoys, and hundreds of men were picked up from sunken ships and taken safely to shore—to fight again. The pictures given here were taken as a rescue tug dashed out to the assistance of a tanker in the Atlantic. The vessel was the *Destiny*, an American-built tug sent to Britain under Lease-Lend

THE TANKER DURING THE VOYAGE BACK TO PORT, as seen from the stern of the rescue tug. The salvaged vessel's stern has settled low in the water

HOW MUCH SHOULD AN ARMY BE TOLD?

The Importance of Letting the Troops in "On the Inside" Without Divulging Secrets to the Enemy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

UNLESS Hitler's "Fortress" is split open from the air, it is a fair hypothesis that the next phase will show its defenders at bay before encircling Allied armies more and more implanted on the mainland, and that this situation may conduce in the south and the west to something of the same war of position that the Eastern Front has produced most of the time, between major operations.

To illustrate matters, suppose that thirty or forty British and American divisions have managed to advance into France until halted on a line running from the Seine at Rouen across to La Rochelle. Positional warfare sets in until the next blow, and we return to those Order of Battle maps of the last war, which displayed dozens of Allied divisions locked in immobility opposite roughly equivalent German formations.

One can well imagine, too, that secrecy and surprise will be the prime solvents sought for by either side in order to break the immobile period with successful consequences. A very highly calculated discretion forms the basis of battle-winning "foxing," joy of a commander. To outwit the enemy by multiple rusing, to read the mind of your opponent and to make things seem what they are not.

General Montgomery did this in the Mareth Line and again at Akarit, and therefore any views he may hold about secrecy are invested with a special importance. In particular, they can usefully be applied in the mind's eye to positional warfare on the European mainland, as above imagined. The Eighth Army Commander has made no secret of, perhaps, his most striking innovation.

ON THE SICILY FRONT: A Brigade Major explains the situation to the troops about to go into action. He uses a large-scale map so that his remarks can be followed clearly

On the eve of battle, he seeks to have a comprehensive picture of the impending operation conveyed to every participating officer and man. The General has more than once done this clarifying himself, as camera "shots" have testified, showing him in the desert, pointing out places on a big-scale map for the benefit of a local audience of officers, or, again, hammering home details from his armoured car, surrounded by all ranks, whose intent, upturned faces are proof of what is happening.

This popular Commander's belief is evidently that by telling men "what it is all about," by letting each man know the sense and bearing of his own scrap of action in relation to the battle as a whole, a superior keenness is aroused among all ranks, which can attain little short of a crusading fire. The contribution that can be exacted from the mind in battle is turned to account and this has not always been the British strong point, compared with some foreign soldiers.

But (thinks "Monty") get them interested, show them how they are not being asked to do this and that without cogent reason, eradicate the tendency to say "what's the use of doing this?"; share the battle with thousands of personalities, and you have an army really on its toes, and on its dignity, too, more than ready, deadly keen to do anything, anywhere, anyhow, at any time, as ordered.

That is undoubtedly the picture which we at home have constructed of the men of the Eighth Army—a deadly keen host.

One writes, of course, in profound ignorance of what General Montgomery says to his troops on these confiding occasions, and a very great deal must depend on that. Does he relate outright how he proposes to win the battle, the specific moves he intends to make progressively? His plan to foil this likely repercussion or to develop that more than likely opening? Why the battalion he is addressing must hold on here—this spot—until 2 a.m., so as to block the enemy from coming through there, on the left, because that would. . . .

Certainly Montgomery, with his stick and his map and his audience, suggests such an intimate causerie, and there may be little risk in indulging it with a proud, ingrowing Army like the Eighth—and by ingrowing I mean the inevitable result of long and lone campaigning that made half a world wonder. If such a band of brothers cannot tighten their lips on what they've been told, then the experiment is not worth extending.

For, of course, the main danger is one of leakage. The more men one flings into battle with facts in their heads which the enemy would like to know, the greater the risk of information being extracted from soldiers when they are taken prisoner. Whatever is happening in this war—and it's none of my business—stranger things occurred in the last than that British and Germans dressed up in the uniforms of their opponents and went into prisoners' messes and "cages," posing as fellow-captives. What I would emphasise is that information can be extracted by devious ways, without a prisoner realising what is afoot.

One hesitates to say that this Army is more intelligent than the 1914-18 one, but it certainly is sitting up and taking more notice, which is all the more reason why it should be protected from the wiles of enemy intelligence officers. Its fathers were safer in this respect, for captured German officers used to tell us that nothing could be got out of British Tommies, "who only seem to know when the rations come up and when they're due for leave." Laugh at it as you may, that attitude or lack of attitude had positive value in the security sense.

The Germans used to say that Tommy was a *Dummkopf*, but they were annoyed. They wished he had been more like the captured Frenchman, who took such a vital, personal interest in the war and could even hold forth intelligently on strategy. And sometimes, unfortunately, did hold forth, from general ebullience plus wine plus taunts. As if this risk were not enough, General Nivelle added a fresh one, which has a peculiar interest now. On the strength of executing two perfect local attacks, this unhappy General was made commander-in-chief early in 1917 and promptly planned an Easter offensive on the Aisne. It was a tricky period in the French Army, and Nivelle decided that the cure was to share his plan with his *poilus*. In his *Prelude to Victory*, General Spears recounts the sequel.

Particulars of the plan of attack were widely spread in the Army, "so as to inflame the imagination of the men." Nor did matters stop at oral dissemination: details were committed to document form, and thus sent up to the front line, there to be passed from section to section. Twenty-four hours before zero time, a German raiding party found a copy on a captured N.C.O., and that was the end of Nivelle and his offensive, which broke against opposition rapidly altered to meet it. The lesson to be drawn from this is unmistakable. Whatever may be one's opinion on how much an army should be told, nothing whatever should be set down on paper. The spoken word must suffice, and even here danger lurks in the inveterate habit soldiers have of keeping diaries. The temptation to jot down a few words "for meself alone" after hearing a commander expound an imminent action, "and the part I'm taking in it," needs to be weighed in conjunction with the possibility of the writer being captured with his diary during the attack; or of the diary being taken off his corpse only a little later.

Given speed, a staff's best asset in battle, it is possible to transmit the gist of a captured diary or document to headquarters in time for counter-action to be taken. The law in more than one army is—no personal papers of any kind to be carried into action. And it is an eminently sound law.

Then there is a second repercussion, not to be lost sight of when weighing the pros and cons of a commander taking all ranks into his confidence on the brink of battle. Not as important as the risk of leakage, yet it involves morale.

One may cite an imaginary Force A. This is to attack at once, and in conformity with the practice of "telling them what it's all about," the commander's aspirations and hopes are signified to the troops along with his intentions. Force A is told that it will be at such and such a point at such and such a time. It *must* be so, else the plan will go wrong at this other point.

But Force A doesn't reach its objective and is held up for days, maybe weeks, owing to the attack not having gone according to plan. The trouble now is that Force A knows things have gone wrong. It had been told all about where it should be, and why, and with failure soaking in, the very intensity with which the men had been imbued brings a corresponding reaction. Thus a condition is created by which men worry in battle over and above their own private affairs.

On the other hand, there is no doubt but that the present-day soldier does want to know—not only about the battle in which he is engaged, but about "the whole set-up," meaning this sorry state of things entire. General Montgomery's may be a timely diagnosis in the sense that it goes out to meet this roused consciousness.

Yet one wonders whether his telling the troops all about it is to be recommended for wider adoption, even with corresponding anti-leakage tightening. It is one thing to hold family parley in the desert; another, to repeat the process among scores of divisions assaulting, side by side, the "Fortress Europa." On that crowded battlefield possibly the fewer who are "in" the safer.

AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR CONINGHAM GIVES A NEWS TALK, known as a "Gen talk," to the R.A.F. By this informal means airmen under his command gain a background picture of the war at the moment—and some idea of coming events

BRITISH OFFICERS DISCUSSING THEIR PART in the operations in Sicily. They are studying photographs of the coastline taken during aerial reconnaissance

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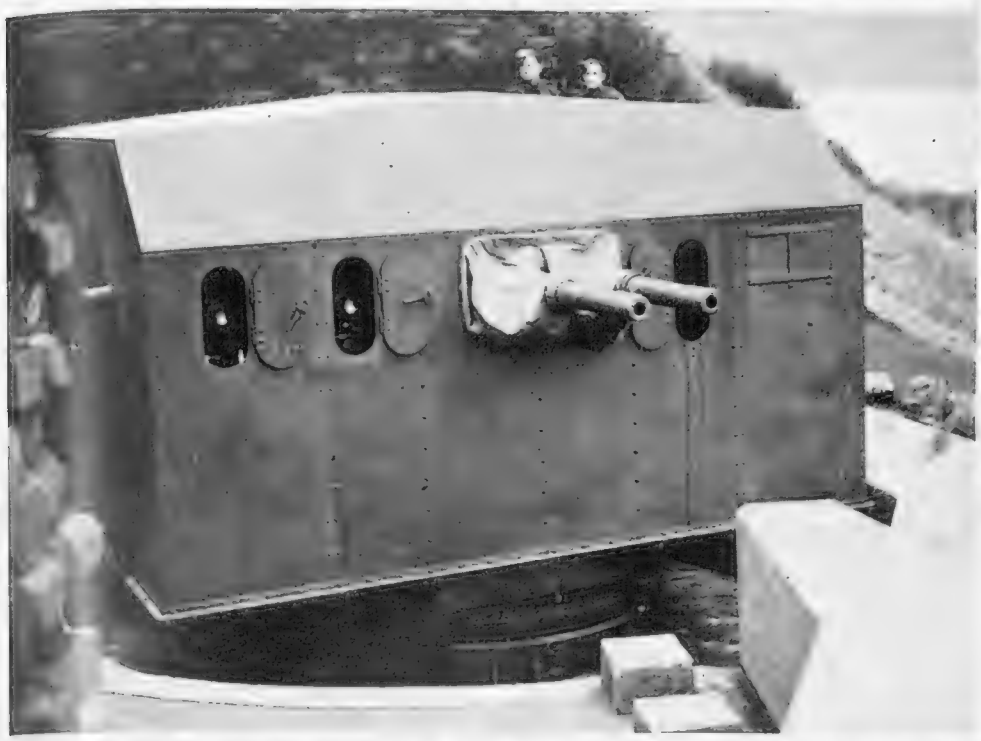
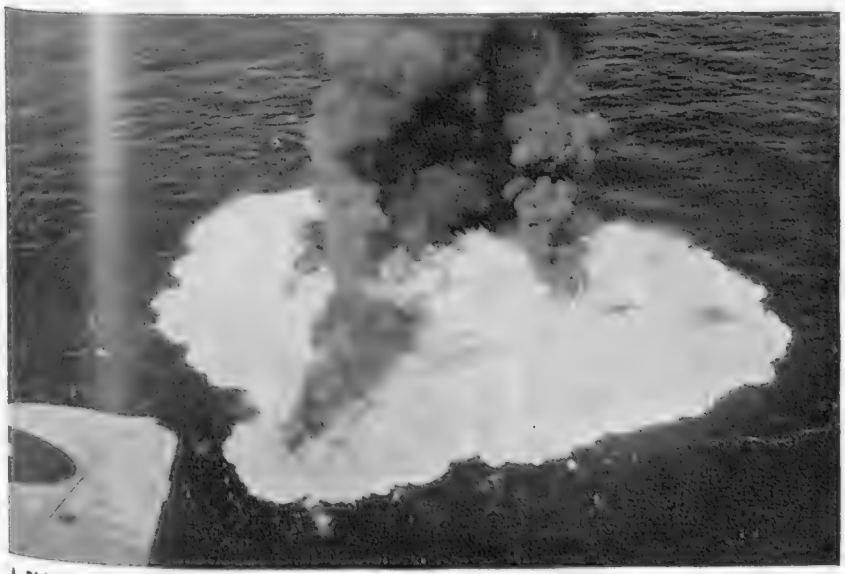


FIRST PICTURES OF BRITAIN'S ANTI-INVASION GUN : An exterior view of the turret-mounted, twin 6-pounder weapons put up round our shores to deal with the enemy's smaller craft and small torpedo-boats

THE INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF A TWIN 6-POUNDER GUN. Details of the 6-pounder twin coastal defence gun (just off the Secrets List) reveal that this weapon would have proved a nasty surprise for enemy forces attempting to invade Britain. Its chief purpose is to deal with light coastal motor-boats and small torpedo-boats. The guns are mounted in pairs, in turrets with a turning circle of 360 degrees, each gun being loaded from the outer side. Their range is over 5,000 yards, and they have a high muzzle velocity and throw high-explosive projectiles. Although it has the same calibre, the coast defence gun has little in common with the famous anti-tank weapon, as each was designed for maximum effectiveness at a specialised job. The coast defence gun proved its worth when Italian torpedo-boats and E-boats attacked Valetta Harbour in Malta in 1941. Eight torpedo-boats and five E-boats were then destroyed by the rapid, accurate and deadly fire of the 6-pounder

THE ARMOURED VESTS FOR AMERICAN AIRMEN : Part of one which has withstood a heavy shell fragment. The steel plates of which these vests are made are 1-32nd of an inch thick

STEEL PLATES FROM AN ARMOURED VEST REMOVED FOR EXAMINATION after close-range tests, during which revolver bullets were fired into the waistcoat. The impact was not sufficient to penetrate, and a bullet can be seen flattened against one of the plates. As protection against shell splinters from A.-A. guns and the cannon of enemy fighters, American airmen have been equipped with armoured vests. Originated by Colonel Malcolm C. Grew (a surgeon of the U.S. Army Air Force), and designed by Mr. Leonard Barratt, a British tailor's cutter, the vests are made in England by a firm of sword-makers, the Wilkinson Sword Company. Since their adoption, many lives have been saved. They are made of highly-tempered manganese steel plates, 1-32nd of an inch thick, which overlap in a fish-scale pattern. The armour is encased in a stout cloth waistcoat. For his work in connection with the armoured vest, Colonel Grew has been awarded the Legion of Merit



A BLAZING JU. 88 AIRCRAFT DIVES TO ITS DEATH : The inferno of oil and petrol on the surface of the water after it had been shot down. Half an hour after shooting down a F.W. 200, Coastal Command Beaufighters in the Bay of Biscay sighted a Ju. 88 which climbed for cloud cover : it was intercepted by "'U' for Uncle." A long burst of cannon-fire caused its port engine to burst into flames ; in a few seconds the whole aircraft was a blazing mass. It plunged into the water and disappeared, leaving a furiously burning patch of oil and petrol from which black smoke billowed upwards

AN ENEMY FLYING-BOAT DESTROYED BY TWO BEAUFIGHTERS. Off the north coast of Scotland recently, two Coastal Command Beaufighters sighted two Blohm and Voss Ha. 138 flying-boats—and destroyed them. Here is the wreckage of one, half-awash in the sea

POST-WAR PLANNING IN WARTIME

A New One Million Pound Town for War Workers

TWO OF THE HOUSES ON THE NEW MIDLAND ESTATE: These semi-detached corner houses, are put up in pairs: they are of the three-bedroom and parlour type, with pitched roofs, and they let at an inclusive rental of 15s. 6d. per week

THE LIVING-ROOM OF A THREE-BEDROOM NON-PARLOUR-TYPE HOUSE, let at 13s. 7d. a week, inclusive. The combination grate heats water for household purposes, the floor is concrete, and steel-framed french windows lead to a garden of one-eighth of an acre

A GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF THE ESTATE, showing how the little town has been planned for Midland war workers

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, recently performed the opening ceremony of a self-contained community of 844 houses for war workers who were transferred from London for a new industry in the Midlands, which will remain after the war. The scheme, which has been completed by the Rural District Council at a cost of £1,000,000, gives each house an eighth of an acre of garden, electric light and power, running water and main drainage. The maximum weekly rent is 17s. 9d., inclusive of rates; but a number of the new houses are much cheaper than this. Nearly 700 workers already occupy these model houses, whose construction, practically eliminating the use of wood, solved a major problem of post-war building. Fifteen acres of ground have been reserved for new junior and senior schools, and there will be three churches and a cinema. There is already a fine shopping centre, complete with post office

"EEL-CLOTTING" ON THE BANKS OF A SOMERSET RIVER. These land girls at Loxton, in Somerset, go eel-clotting for their suppers every evening. The clotting is done just before sunset in a weed-covered river, with poles baited with "ray-balls." These are made of fat earthworms threaded on worsted and tied in a bunch on the end of a pole. Baskets are floated in midstream, and two girls angle by each basket. When an eel bites, the idea is to lift it, still nibbling at the ray-ball, quickly but gently through the weeds and shake it off into the basket

LEASE-LEND WEDDING GOWNS FOR THE WRENS. The Hon. Lady Ward, Chairman of the Dudley House Committee, inspects three of the costumes. W.R.N.S. who, because of lack of materials and coupons, are unable to provide their own wedding gowns, can now secure one on the "Lease-Lend" system. This has been made possible by the latest gift of the British War Relief Society of America, who have presented nine wedding gowns to the W.R.N.S. through the Dudley House Committee. A nominal charge of ten shillings, to cover the cost of cleaning and postage, is made for the loan of each dress

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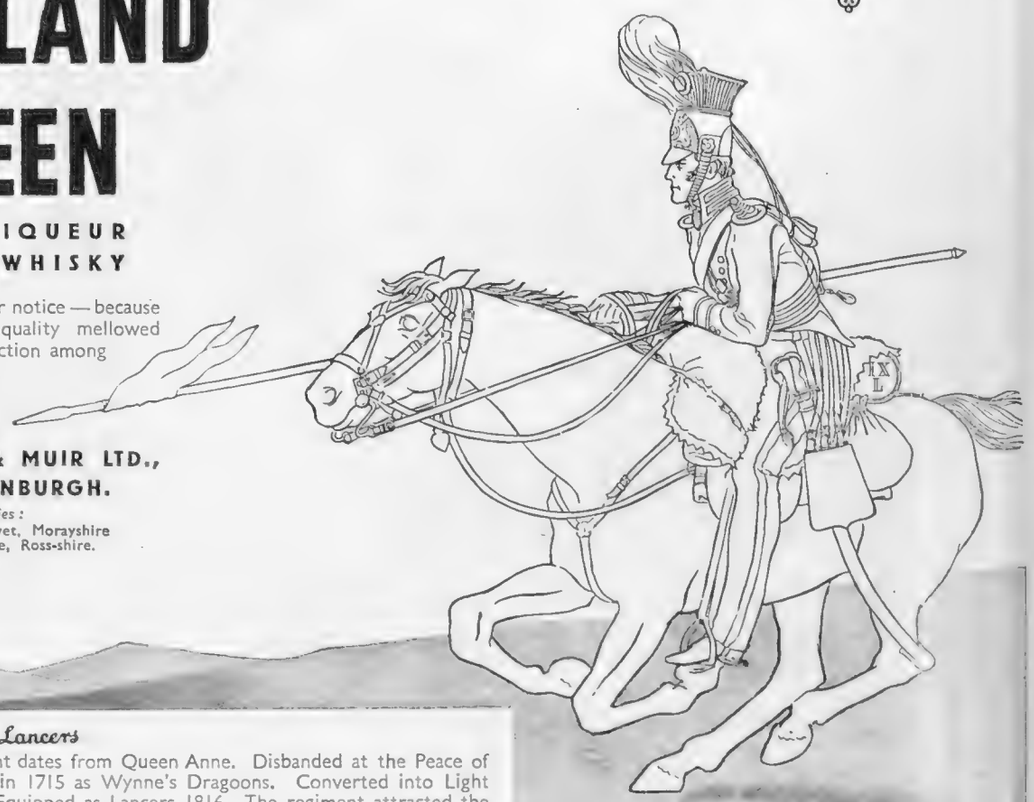

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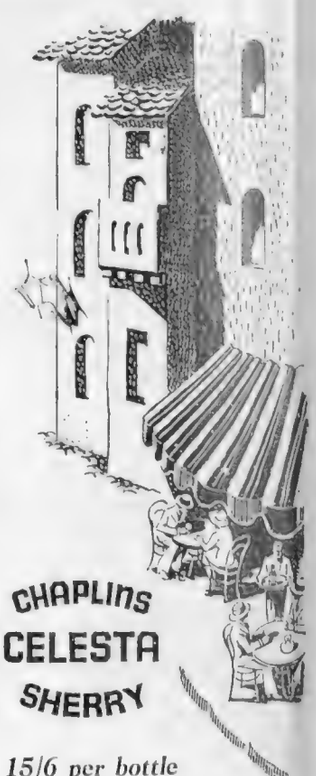

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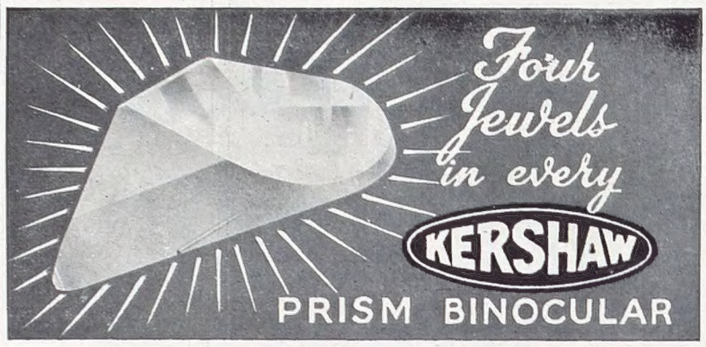

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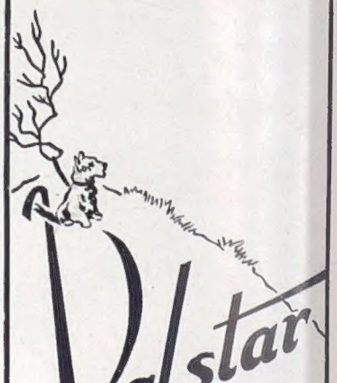

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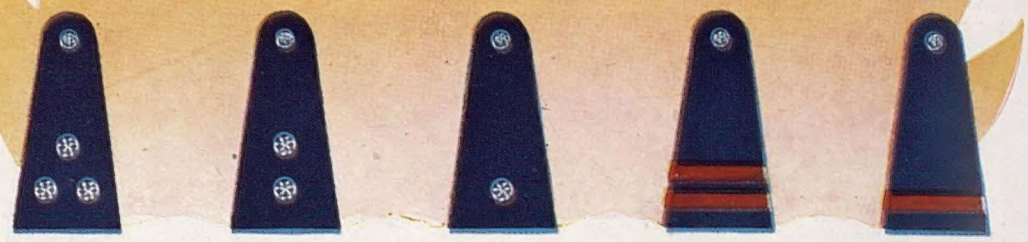

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